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FEBRUARY 6, 1935

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the BYSTANDER

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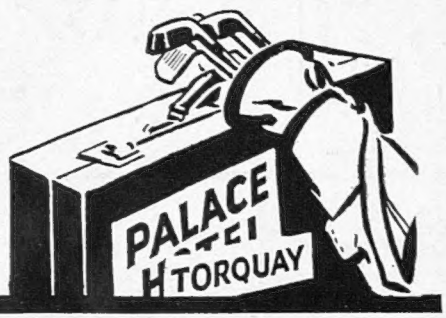

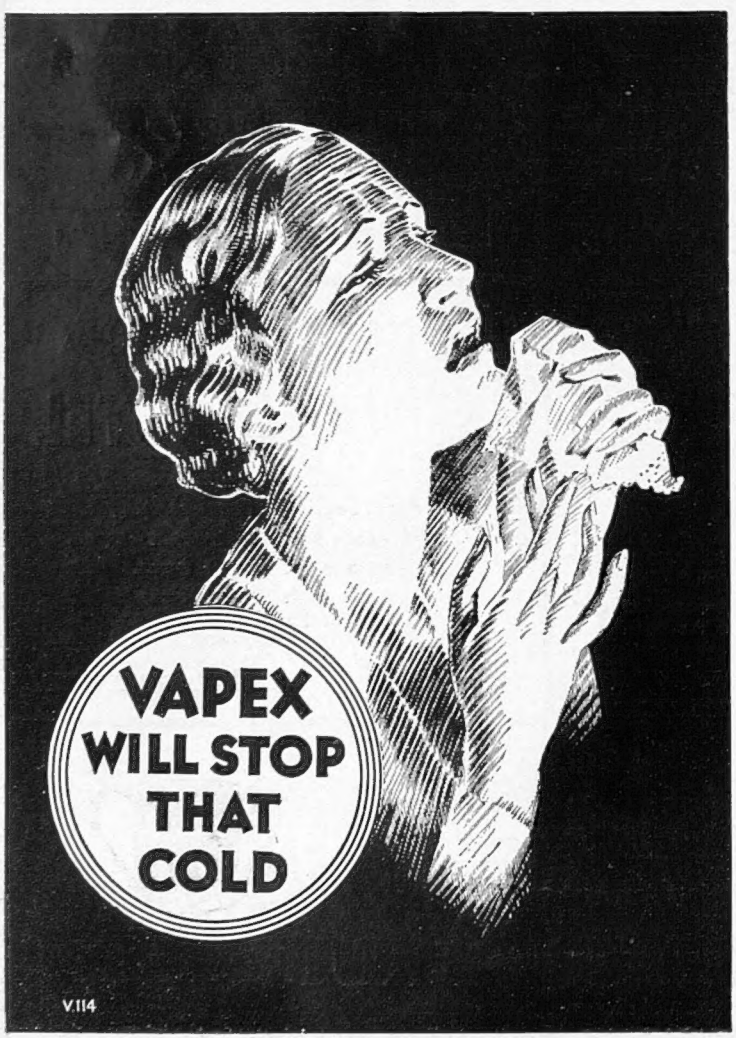

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The Bystander, February 6, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1625. Vol. CXXV.

Portrait by Norman Parkinson

THE LADY JOAN BRIDGEMAN

The youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, Lady Joan Bridgeman, was one of last season's débutantes. She has two sisters, Lady Anne and Lady Diana, the latter being the wife of Sir Robert Abdy, whom she married in 1930. As this photographic study by Norman Parkinson proves, Lady Joan is extremely good-looking

"Are You Ready?"

Above: A race down the nursery slopes between Mr. George Sheffield, Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield's second son, and Miss Audrey Cotton, whose cream waterproof silk waistcoat is one of the neatest in St. Moritz. The starter is Mr. Charles Percy Ledgard

Right: Lady Mabel Lunn (right) starting from the top of the Almendhubel with Lord Bruce Dundas, son of the Earl and Countess of Zetland, who is seen on the left

Ski-ing at Murren—"They Dash

Rhapsody in White

A Winter Sports Medley from the Continent

Below: Lady Derwent taking a sun-bath at St. Moritz. She is wearing two silver stars on her ski-ing jacket, and talks English with a fascinating foreign accent, being Rumanian by birth. She is watching her husband skate

Miss Jean Norris

Above: A graceful pose on the ice at St. Moritz by Miss Jean Norris, daughter of Mr. O. T. Norris, the old Surrey cricketer, well-known in Livery circles. Miss Norris is working for her gold medal, and is considered certain to gain it. She is also a brilliant pianist and intends, like her sister, Mrs. Maurice Allom, to become a concert performer

Right: Miss Elizabeth Cruddas, an attractive new arrival at St. Moritz, condoling with Mrs. Sam Lloyd, who has broken her arm and carries it in a sling. Mrs. Lloyd is in the Leo Lonsdale's party, and Miss Cruddas, who has just graduated from the R.A.D.A., is with the Charles Percy Ledgards

Through the Snow with the Greatest of Ease"

Miss Diana Deane, a Very Young Championship Competitor

Above: Miss Diana Deane, aged thirteen, the youngest competitor in the British Ladies' Ski Championship at Wengen, who captured fourth place, despite her youth

Below: The sons of the Duce, Bruno and Vittorio Mussolini, believe in supporting home industries, and are, therefore, enjoying their winter sports in Italy. This photograph of the pair was taken at Sestrières

Right: Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox practising on the Palace Rink at Murren, to which she has returned after six years' absence from the Alps. As Miss Diana Kingsmill she was formerly a familiar figure on both rinks and skis

Miss Ishbel Macdonald, who sought relaxation from politics for a time by indulging in winter sports. The photograph below was taken at Obergurgl, Austria

Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox

London Nights

Knife and Fork Studies after Dark

Below : Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, who has adopted a very striking patch, enjoys a cigarette at the Café de Paris

Photographs by Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

Sir Paul Latham, who represents Scarborough and Whitby in the House of Commons, with Princess Mdvani, who, before her marriage, was Miss Barbara Hutton

"The Soothing Effect of a Cigarette"

A dinner was given at the May Fair Hotel by Electrolux, Ltd., and the picture above shows the Marquess of Milford Haven seated, centre, with Mrs. J. Scrivener on his right, and Mr. J. Scrivener, the managing-director of Electrolux, Ltd., on his left

Lord Altamont and the Hon. Alicia Browne, a daughter of Lord Kilmaine, supping at the San Marco Restaurant

Lady Marguerite Strickland at the Café de Paris with her husband, Mr. Claude Strickland. They were married last year

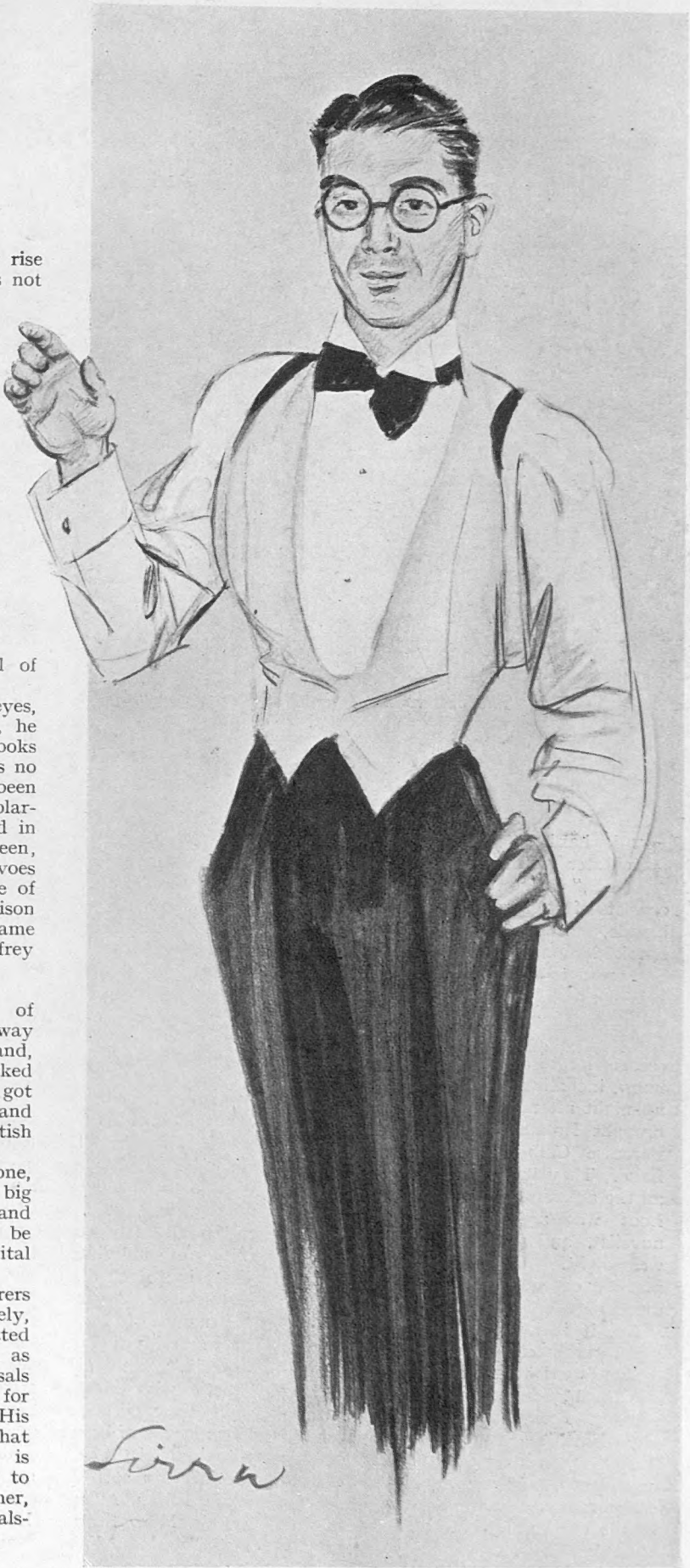
CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 88

Henry Hall

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra



His detractors say that Henry Hall's spectacular rise to fame is largely a matter of accident. This is not fair. He is an extremely hard-working young man (he is only thirty-five) who has taken every chance that has presented itself. He may not have the colourful personality of some of our other orchestra leaders; but he is much more dependable. He rarely loses his temper, and when he does so the outburst is signalled in advance by a gradual blenching of the cheeks. He is, practically speaking, a teetotaller; lives at Hampstead with a wife who has never had her photograph taken, and a son and daughter. Born in South London, he comes of a family of dealers, which accounts for his remarkable business acumen in selling his services. They say that he is going to be paid something in the neighbourhood of fifteen thousand pounds for appearing in the leading part of a film shortly to be screened by British International Pictures. At the time he was offered his present job with the B.B.C., just three years ago, he was in control of thirty-two bands up and down the country.

Lean, spectacled, clean-shaven, with bluish-grey eyes, a widow's peak, and brown hair already going grey, he plays no games and takes no exercise. Rather, he looks like a doctor. His first love is the piano, though he is no mean performer on the trumpet and violin. He has been an organist in a cinema. He won his first musical scholarship at the age of eleven. Then, after a short period in the Health Ministry, we find him, at the age of seventeen, a full-time employee of the Salvation Army, issuing salvoes of marches and learning all about the commercial side of music. From the Salvation Army to the Royal Garrison Artillery band was a simple evolution, and he soon became a member of a concert party which included Godfrey Tearle, and toured all over Southern England.

The war over, Henry Hall went to the Ministry of Pensions, but after less than a month he broke away and went on the stage. Like Flanagan and Allen, and, indeed, most celebrities in the show business, he worked for a time in Lily Morris's company. Ultimately, he got a fortnight's job at the Midland Hotel in Manchester, and remained ten years with the London, Midland and Scottish before he switched to his present job.

To-day, he has no nerves in front of the microphone, though he sometimes has a violent reaction after a big occasion (such as his first broadcast or the Royal Command Performance) when he has been known to go off and be dreadfully sick—just like Bobby Jones after the vital round in a golf championship.

Every year he gets fifty thousand letters from admirers and ten thousand songs from optimists. Fortunately, he has the gift of being able to read even complicated orchestrations, and knows what they are all about as easily as we can digest a gossip paragraph. With rehearsals and broadcasts he does a regular twelve-hour day, for five or six of which he is continuously on his feet. His mannerisms include clipped "g"s and a fondness for that dreadful word "commence." He smokes too much, is analytical, sensitive, fond of lawyers, and yet manages to instil a great feeling of loyalty into his men. Altogether, he is the Gene Tunney of orchestra leaders; reads Galsworthy, and takes a lot of knowing.

The ball room of the Dorchester, showing the raised dancing-floor, protected by plush ropes

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 28. The Dorchester

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is hard to write about the Dorchester without referring to "Les Girls," although the present show consists of nothing but principals. Those blonde, and occasionally brunette, lovelies shook Mayfair to its spinal column. They revived a sense of adventure among bachelors and married men which had completely wilted since the Grafton Gallery days of 1918. They made their escorts forget all about everything they knew, including their beds. They stayed up night after night until 6 a.m. They brought Broadway in general, and the Paradise Club in particular, to Park Lane. They knew all the questions and all the answers. They proved that Anita Loos was a reporter rather than a novelist, and that her famous dictum was right. Only one of them got married out of the shiploads that came over.

No, it is impossible to visualise the great parchment-coloured room, with its satin draperies and crystal mirrors, without the blonde boldness of these young persons. Feckless, fearless, and occasionally fractious, they forced wives to "try" again after years of comfortable matrimony, and turned husbands into undergraduates with a puppy love for blonde curves and cute ripostes. Think of Evelyn Crowell, Gay Deslys, and Betty Hamilton, for example. Goodness knows where they will all be in ten years' time! Evelyn Crowell got married again at midnight on New Year's Eve; Gay Deslys is in a sanatorium; Betty Hamilton has been in trouble with the Customs. Still, they have certainly left their mark.

A DIFFERENT kind of entertainment is now provided for the Dorchester clientèle. Our young peers who go to look over the new models, find, as I say, that the small caste consists entirely of individual turns. There is a dark diseuse with a Lucienne Boyer voice of the name of Diana Ward. There is Myra Lott "from Georgia," an ash-blonde sweetie who does a carioca with dizzy eyes and dizzier hips; a pair of ballet-dancing turns named Crane, who also specialise in soft shoe stuff; while Eileen Allen, Eleanor Tennis, Mary Starner, Louis Troxelle, Joan English, and

Naunton Wayne, the compère, Diana Ward and Vitch

Lord Stanley

Betty Jane Cooper, make up the cast of this revue with the Lathrop Brothers and Vitch. I said Vitch. Naunton Wayne once again acts as compère. He now seems part of the furniture just as much as thick-necked, merry-eyed Sartori, or suave, white-haired Cigolini.

Sartori runs his own restaurant near Antibes in the summer. He used to be at the Casino de Forêt at Le Touquet, and was in charge of the restaurant one night when the Prince of Wales's party numbered thirteen. Equal to any emergency, he laid an extra couvert and put in a huge doll dressed as a Hussar. Cigolini was the uncrowned king of Biarritz for years, and his clientèle among the Spanish royalty and nobility is unrivalled. King Alfonso, Queen Ena, the Duke and Duchess of Lecera, the Prince of the Asturias, are always likely to be dining, if not staying, at the hotel. Other Biarritz-ites whom he draws to the Dorchester are Paul Dubonnet and his beautifully-dressed wife. Now that Colonel Bon has become a director, one may expect to see a number of the Suvretta House regulars also parking themselves at the Dorchester. Colonel Bon, white-haired and Swiss, has shared the honours of St. Moritz with Badrutt for a number of years. He has had wide experience of German hotel work, too.

How many of you, I wonder, recognise the identity of Countess Porcheri and her tall son—until your eyes are drawn hypnotically to her fingers and throat? The former Mabel Boll's diamonds are as famous as Peggy Joyce's, and her emeralds are better. You will often see her at the Dorchester.

Film stars, too, seem to graduate there automatically. Eddie Cantor, rolling his eyes; George Bancroft in an unexpected tail-coat; Maurice Chevalier and his brooding lower lip; you can be sure of seeing at least one star almost any night. Among the givers of large parties are Mr. J. V. Rank, the red-cheeked flour millionaire, and his pretty wife, both keen race-goers. He drinks whisky-and-soda. Sir Harold Wernher, who was burgled the other day, and who can tell you all about the bar receipts of the theatres (he controls eight), is another party-giver, when he can tear himself away from Brown Jack. All the Cadogan sisters and their husbands—to wit, the Marlboroughs, Stanleys, Hillingdons, and Humphrey de Traffords, "use" the Dorchester quite a bit. So does Lord Fitzwilliam and his son, Lord Milton. (I wonder what his lordship's window-cleaner's bills are each quarter for Wentworth-Woodhouse and its three hundred and sixty-five rooms?)

Not surprisingly, in view of the brief walk from South Audley Street and the tradition of "Les Girls," members of the Bachelors' Club are a good deal in evidence. (In this case, no names, no pack drill.)

Sir Albert Stern and Simon Marks are other notable party-givers. The Castlereaghs also find their way to the restaurant with some regularity. Sir Harry McGowan, the most charming managing-director in Big Business that I know, sometimes comes to forget about chemicals or his slice at golf. Lord Poulett may be seen dancing on the permanently raised floor with its plush ropes reminiscent of the prize-ring. Often, the grouping of the guests raises interesting speculations as to possible business transactions, such as that afforded recently by the trio of Gladys Cooper, Gregory Ratoff, and Ronald Massey. Ratoff, whom you know as the Hollywood film-producer, is really "a man without a country," I fancy. At any rate, his carte d'identite is issued by the League of Nations. Thoughts of Lake Como and Burlinghame are inspired by the frequent appearance in the restaurant of Mrs. Richard McCreery, while her daughter Isobel's visits are equally reminiscent of Melton Mowbray. Sir George Bullough, very tall; Princess Hohenlohe, small and possessing lovely jewellery; the Adrian Baillies, and the Smith-Binghams, are other regulars.

Jack Jackson, probably the best-looking orchestral leader in London, is in charge of the music. His wife is very good-looking, too. Well, there you are. But without evincing any personal distress at the departure of "Les Girls," I nevertheless feel that there is something missing now that they have returned regretfully to the night-clubs, revues, films, mothers, or sugar-daddies that they left with such alacrity to teach us the answer to "So, what?"

My own guess is that within a very short while the powers-that-be will decide to renew the régime of "Les Girls."

Well, boys, time will show.

A Dance Turn in the Cabaret

Sir Albert Stern

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Infantile

Sketches by Rouson

"Just Us Two" (Criterion)

I THINK that Dr. Marie Stopes is responsible for setting many a budding dramatist on the wrong track, for, ever since the subject of the limitation and regulation of families has become common, inexperienced writers for the Stage appear to be under the impression that cataracts of talk between two young people as to whether, or when, there shall be a family, is just a leetle bit daring, and one suitable for the plot of a play. Personally, I find such domestic discussions desperately dull, and entirely unsuited for the plot of a play, except one written and constructed with extreme cleverness.

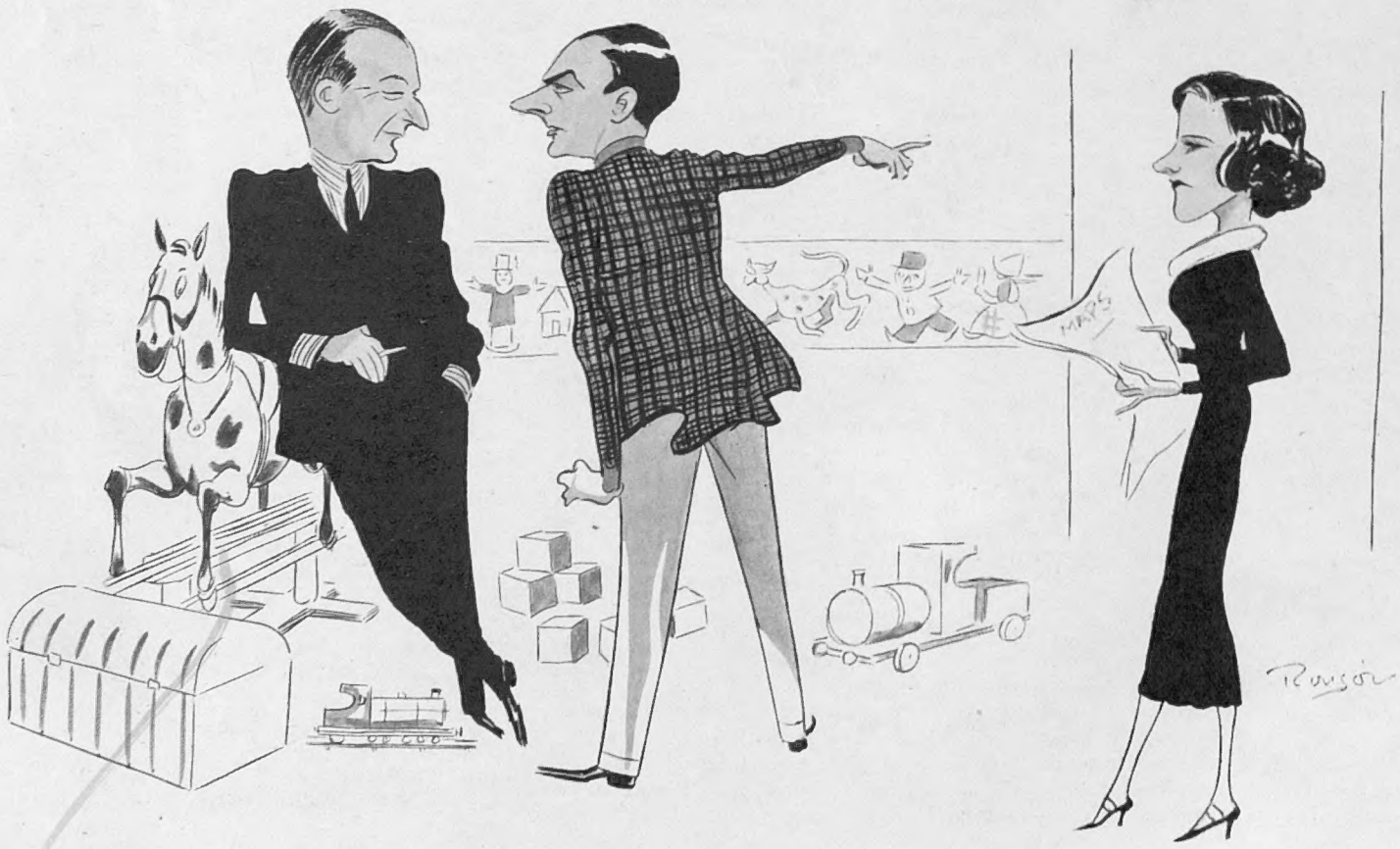
The pedestrian efforts of Dudley Leslie, author of *Between Us Two*, at the Criterion, can hardly be classified as extremely clever. They tell the story of a woman aviator who prefers record-breaking to baby-making, much to the disgust of her husband, who is supposed to be a journalist. In the early stages of their marriage they had a child who died, and the dramatist's efforts to pump sentiment into this "echoes of tiny shoon" motif are as disastrously banal as are the discussions as to when another infant should be produced.

It was really a waste of talent to get Jack Melford and Leonora Corbett to play the young couple in such an amateurish play, and also engage D. A. Clarke-Smith to represent an Oil King, Oriel Ross a vamp, Mabel Terry-Lewis an unbelievably caddish mother-in-law, and Eva Hudson a coloured maid. They one and all did their damndest to "give an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unpretentious narrative," but all to no purpose; while the laughter engendered by an occasional bright line only threw into relief the dullness of the rest.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Ronnie Long (Jack Melford) is between two fires, the ambitious, record-breaking woman flyer (Leonora Corbett), and the charming feminine home-wrecker (Oriel Ross)

The Millionaire Guest (D. A. Clarke-Smith) unwittingly makes fun of the nursery, and is promptly shown the door by the indignant Ronnie (Jack Melford). Loretta (Leonora Corbett) is furious — with Ronnie



AT A MEET OF THE BELVOIR

The Lady Isobel Manners and the Lady Ursula Manners, only daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, at the meet of the Belvoir Hounds at Harlaxton Manor, near Grantham, the residence of Mr. Pearson Gregory. Lady Ursula was born in 1916, and Lady Isobel in the following year

"Forsaking All Others," at the Empire

Top: Clark Gable and Frances Drake in "Forsaking All Others," at the Empire. Beneath: Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford in the same film, in which these two men are competitors for the heart of Joan Crawford. A well-constructed film with erotic complications, under the direction of Van Dyke

• FILMS of the DAY

Remnants

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

You know the curious feeling one has sometimes in life: that the scene in which one is taking part has been enacted before? The sensation is variously and ingeniously explained by alienists, occultists, and the like. I have been very subject to the sensation in the cinema lately, and I am afraid the simple explanation is that it *has* happened before quite a lot of times, on the screen. Perhaps I see too many films. Perhaps too many films are made.

A formula, like a home-made cake, never seems so good after its freshness has worn off. Perhaps that is why *Kid Millions*, Eddie Cantor's latest "vehicle," although speedy and smooth running (to utilise the suggested metaphor) seems not quite so good as its forerunners. Or can it be that the expensive publicity campaign and all that Hore-Belisha Beacon business defeated its purpose, and the little comedian, by stepping out of his province into ministerial offices and too many columns of news-print, has exhausted our interest and become a bore?

Certainly his witticisms in *Kid Millions* do not seem so funny, and his goggle-eyed facial reactions a trifle tiresomely reiterative. The story and the situations are less ingenious than those in *The Kid from Spain* and *Roman Scandals*. The lovelies and their limbs are there, and an elaborate "colour supplement." Elaborate is what the columnists call the operative word. Jokes, settings, everything over-elaborate and elaborated.

It was unnecessary to stress the imitative opportunism of another hospital picture by using the word white in the title. *The White Parade* is not at all like *Men in White*, though. It's best excuse is, that hospital-nurse's uniform suits Loretta Young vastly; but she does not seem like a real nurse or, for that matter, a real person, and if the life, functionaries and patients in an American hospital *are* realistically portrayed, it is matter for wonderment rather than interest to English audiences.

You are asked to believe that a lovely young think like Loretta Young would renounce Love, handsomely and cajolingly personified by John Boles, for the ministering-angel business.

I am quite incompetent to criticise *The Key* because the drama, or melodrama, is vested in Ireland, internecine warfare, rebel leaders and so on, and I have an inhibition which makes me intolerant of and uninterested in Irish politics—even when they are dramatised, which, of course, they always are!

Colin Clive is an English officer once more, and gives a straightforward, characteristic performance. He does not seem to have advanced much since his *Journey's End* début. Perhaps that part and that performance were unsurpassable. Edna Best is his wife, and William Powell the third side of the triangle. These good players and the excitement and emotion of the theme should appeal to a large number of cinema-goers.

And speaking of star appeal, what more could you want than Robert Montgomery *and* Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in *Forsaking All Others*? Needless to say the two men are competitors for the (reputed) heart of the lovely lady. Joan Crawford seems to me to become more like a rather cruel caricature of herself in every picture, and the temptation to quote *Little Red Riding Hood* is almost irresistible—"What big *eyes* you have!" etc.

These three people behave in what would be a quite incredible manner if one had not seen so many American films of social and erotic complications. The film is excellently constructed, since it was directed by Van Dyke, who made that incomparable South Seas picture, *White Shadows*. Would that he had again some less shop-soiled material!

It seems to me that many of the recent films have been concocted out of remnants of old stock. It would be well if the cinema industry, like other vendors, could have an annual clearance-sale. And then what? The same thing done all over again in colour and television, one supposes.

Left: Lieut. McGregor (Gary Cooper) and Lieut. Forsythe (Franchot Tone) vie for the attention of Tania Volkanskaya (Kathleen Burke), a beautiful Russian girl who is acting as a spy for Mohammed Khan, a suave but treacherous border chieftain who is effecting a coalition of tribes to fight against the British by promising rounds of ammunition

Below: Lieut. McGregor (Gary Cooper) being entertained by the treacherous border chieftain, Mohammed Khan. Readers of the book, "Bengal Lancer," by Major Francis Yeats-Brown, on which this film is founded, will remember that a just retribution was his end

The Wiles of a Siren

"The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

Paramount Film a Famous Novel, Full of Fighting, Treachery and Thrills

Lieut. McGregor—Gary Cooper

A close-up of Gary Cooper as Lieut. McGregor, in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Unlike the usual run of films, this Paramount production finds the principal hero dead before the end

Youth's Temptation

Lieut. Stone (Richard Cromwell), the son of the Colonel to whose regiment the boy, fresh from Sandhurst, is seconded, on the North-West Frontier, with Tania Volkanskaya (Kathleen Burke), the spy for Mohammed Khan

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Right: Miss Agnes Celestria King, daughter of Captain and Lady Clare King, who is being presented this year. She is a sub-deb., and her mother is giving a dance for her in May. She has red hair, and is intelligent as well as attractive. The dress she is wearing, of pale green satin, is of her own designing. Lady Clare King is a cousin of Princess Arthur of Connaught

Miss Agnes Celestria King

The Hon. Mrs. Somerset Butler

Above: the very attractive Hon. Mrs. Somerset Butler, the sister-in-law of the Earl of Carrick, sketched against the Oliver Messel décor of the San Marco Restaurant. She is wearing a dress of chalk-white with a silver thread. The scarf is chiffon, one half scarlet and the other half navy-blue

Right: a sketch by Molly Bishop of Miss Gladys ("Smut") Sammut dancing with Mr. Gerald d'Erlanger, in the foreground, to the strains of Maurice Winnick's band, which has migrated from Ciro's to the San Marco

Miss Gladys Sammut and Mr. Gerald d'Erlanger

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

To gain some idea which way, if any, the wind is blowing, the *Petit Parisien* has taken a straw vote or referendum among its myriad readers to discover their choice of a dictator for France, where they are now much less patiently suffering the great, hairy ape Democracy than we.

The readers of the *Petit Parisien*, who are mainly of the lower-middle class, responded very intelligently. Marshal Pétain headed the list by a huge majority, beating M. Laval, the present Foreign Minister, by seven thousand votes. This seems to indicate traditional French common sense. The tactician of Artois and the Champagne offensive, the epic defender of Verdun, the chief who restored the morale of the French armies after the crisis of April 1917, is, without question, the strongest man in France. If anyone could deal with the Radical-Socialist gang, who at present divide the swag in turn, it is Pétain. We observed also that Colonel de la Rocque, head of the Croix de Feu, the militant — nay, fierce — ex-soldiers' league which has once or twice already put the fear of God into the Chambre des Députés, got only 6000 votes. This shows that the petit bourgeois in France, as in any country, is nervous of anything approaching a rampage, and likes his little round paunch to be unperturbed by violence, sacrifice, or the active higher idealism.

Just a Face

A SIMILAR referendum in this country, if anybody took a fancy to demand one, would probably yield some curious results, beyond settling the position of the little dictator-elect who is already in our midst, willing to assume office any time. Do you remember, a year or two after the war, the mysterious photographs of the upper half of a face which appeared day after day in the newspapers, with the truculent caption: "Do You Know This Man? He Should Be England's Next Prime Minister"? The gentleman concerned, as Bruce Lockhart mentioned in a recent memoir, was a quite mild and inoffensive Civil Servant who had brought off some coup or other and was genuinely dismayed at this sudden, gratuitous flood of limelight. As nobody seemed to bother much, anyway, the Press soon dropped him and turned to other crusades. But it just shows the odd ideas people get.

Our own idea of a British dictator to cope with the dreary Parliamentary circus was demanded at a dinner-party recently. We naturally suggested Captain Bertram Mills, of Olympia. It didn't go very well.

"'Ere y'are, lady—'ow about a little jumpin' monkey?"

Exit Nosey Parker

IN one of the serious reviews we discovered last week, and read with vulgar guffaws, the "inside" story, by an eye-witness, of the self-appointed Wilkinson-Listowel mission of inquiry to Spain after the troubles last November. Our Socialist busybodies seem very nearly to have got what they were asking for from the populace in Oviedo. "Had it not been for the measures adopted by Commander Doval [of the Guardia Civil] to protect Lord Listowel and his friends, they might have had a rough and unpleasant time." So much for the urge to poke the long, sharp, quivering nose into other people's affairs, and the itch to investigate what this eye-witness rightly calls "absurd rumours about matters that only concern Spaniards." Swift, comfortable cars to the frontier only just saved the situation.

It's a curious state of mind, considering the vast opportunities we have at home for indulging inquisitive noses, and it seems to be almost exclusively Anglo-Saxon. Private foreigners rarely consider they have a God-given mandate to interfere in other nations' business. In the case of the French, of course, the reason is that, for the French, civilisation ends at the French frontier, giving place to impenetrable darkness, and a fat lot they should worry about what happens to barbarians outside the pale. The Spaniards, again, don't interfere, probably, because they are gentlemen by nature. It seems to be mostly ourselves and the Americans who go fussing and sniffing about—for one historic example, that eccentric friend of freedom (we forget his name) who so energetically helped to hound the unfortunate

'M-my m-m-mother gave me this one"

Madame Dubarry to the guillotine; a virtuous task, self-imposed in the name of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. There may be a special hell for such Nosey Parkers. We wouldn't mind taking a girlish slap at some of them ourselves in passing, meanwhile.

Without Comment

WE 'VE been privileged to take a peek at a copy of a cable (authentic) recently sent by a big Hollywood film corporation to its London headquarters:

RUSH ONE OF FIRST PRINTS OF '————' [new "super" film] TO KING OF ENGLAND FOR SPECIAL SCREENING IN PALACE STOP FOREIGN DEPARTMENT SHOULD HANDLE THIS STUNT STOP WE MIGHT GET A STATEMENT STOP BUT WHETHER OR NOT WE ARE THAT FORTUNATE MAKES NO PARTICULAR DIFFERENCE STOP RESULTING PUBLICITY THAT WILL ACCRUE SHOULD BE INTERNATIONAL STOP END MESSAGE.

We 're almost certain this is the same firm which cabled curtly, concerning the arrival of a film-star in London a little time ago:

———— ARRIVES LONDON TWENTY-THIRD STOP GET PRINCE OF WALES MEET HIM STOP END MESSAGE.

If we don't give any names in this interesting, informative, and authentic news paragraph, it 's because we once promised an aged aunt of ours in Kensington never to give away publicity for nothing.

"If," she said to us, in her low, sweet, quavering voice, while the westering sun kissed the Peter Pan statue, glanced coyly athwart the Broad Walk, and lit up her silver hair like an aureole, "if the lousy tightwads won't loosen up, the hell with 'em, boy."

"Uh-huh," we said, nodding. And we 've kept our promise.

Secret Tongues

IF it interests you (as everything on earth ought to), we gather from *American Speech*, a scientific quarterly review published by the Columbia University Press—a copy of which somebody sent us last week, knowing we are fond of language—that American shoe salesmen have a secret language of their own, mostly too obscure to reproduce. However, a customer who haggles in a one-price store is called quite simply a "schnorrer," from the Yiddish for "beggar." One who, after working the salesman to death, decides to buy his or (more likely) her shoes in a store farther down the block, is called a "momzer," also derived from the Yiddish and meaning "bastard."

We ourselves were once interested in the sign-language of waiters, which is rather like the Language of Flowers, and we spent much time in research work in Mayfair, Montmartre, and other places. This sign-language is very expressive. A thumb deliberately stuck in the soup, before serving, for example, means: "I esteem you highly, you with the big red dial and the pie-faced blonde at table 6, but one more snarl from you, my friend, and what 'll happen to your fish before it reaches you is nobody's business."

We wouldn't want to terrify you with some of our less obvious discoveries, but while we 're on the topic we think we ought to pass on to you what a very seasoned old man of the world whispered to us once before he died. He said: "Never, *anywhere, by any chance*, order thick soup."

Judgment

CATCHING sight of the name of M. Jean Cocteau, one of whose rather tiresome plays is to be done by the Stage Society this season, we can't help repeating a sardonic remark attributed to this pet of the Intelligentsia and leader of the Avant-Garde. Referring to a young friend of his, M. Cocteau said pensively: "Bébé est vicieuse. Il aime les femmes."

(Disinfectants may be obtained from the kiosk in the annexe.)

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 17.—George Bernard Shaw

SOME people think that Mr. Shaw
Is nothing but a prosy bore
And own they have but scant use for
His acid wit and deep-set lore
And freely will confess
That, when George Bernard starts to roar,
It makes them feel so very sore.
They murmur, "Can't he hold his jaw?"
(A vulgar phrase that I deplore,
Though much used, none the less).

But other people love to stress
His striking skill and they confess
That, but to hear him effervesce
On marriage, single blessedness,
On Ireland's greatness or
Old England's sad and sorry mess,
Her ghastly culture, tastes and dress,
Will certainly so much impress
All thoughtful folk that they will bless
His name for evermore.

Ah, well! Tastes vary much, I guess,
So why should we try to assess
The greatness of our G.B.S.?
For, be he jewel without flaw,
Or one who cackles like a daw,
It 's certain sure that Shaw is—Shaw!

B. W.

"We ought to have him psycho-analyzed"

Prigs' Pogrom

THE other day, at Lima, in Peru, there was celebrated the fourth centenary of the city's foundation by the Conquistador Francisco Pizarro, whose equestrian statue was unveiled opposite the Cathedral. Opening the nearest encyclopædia at "Pizarro," we were able once more to confirm our belief that our encyclopædias are written mainly by vegetarian prigs in bowler hats.

By the Great Gold Spoon of Caxamarca, the facts of Pizarro's capture of the Inca Atahualpa are desperate enough to fire the blood even of a rat-faced company-director. In the midst of the Inca's fiercest warriors, drawn up by thousands in battle array, Pizarro and his tiny handful of Spaniards—they perpetually wore steel armour under that ferocious sun—dashed forward at the sound of a trumpet, seized the Inca, covered with gold and jewels in his glittering palanquin, flung themselves on his army, and after a bloody affray sent it flying. In one encyclopædia we know this tremendous scene is primly dismissed thus: "He then captured the Inca Atahualpa by treachery." May the Quartan Ague seize all gnat-blooded pedants, say we. May the great devil Xaxaxar of Ayacucho look sideways on their rabbity faces, and all the jackals of the Andes dance a farruca on their ignoble graves. May the Moon-Pall throw them into a miz-maze, and the Strong Fives gripe their thin, measly guts, and a thousand cartloads of demons, more fearful than the Stryge of Notre Dame, prod and harry them with their own beastly umbrellas till they howl for help to their god Bobus, patron of prigs and black-beetles.

In other words, we think such persons deliberately under-state, owing to the nature of their blood, if any.

Organ Solo

WE were pretty impressed by a recent advertisement in one of the dailies. An advertising agency took a whole page for an encyclical to the city and the world summarising its services to civilisation. The language was dignified, austere, slightly booming in tone, and bordering vaguely on the hieratic. It quelled us, frivolous as we are, and apt to laugh at most advertisements, except the humorous ones. It also reminded us, for some reason, of the "drummers" on the Zenith-New York express in *Babbitt*. Listen:

> To them, the Romantic Hero was no longer the knight, the wandering poet, the cow-puncher, the aviator, nor the brave young district attorney, but the great sales manager who had an Analysis of Merchandising Problems on his glass-topped desk, whose title of nobility was "Go-getter," and who devoted himself and all his young samurai to the cosmic purpose of Selling—not of selling anything in particular, for or to anybody in particular, but pure Selling.

This pretty well sums up the position, except that it leaves out the ethical aspect—God help us, there *is* an ethical aspect of selling now. All we're waiting for at present is for somebody to start that agency outlined by J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton, economist, man-about-town, and acrobat, in a recent opus. It's an agency to advertise advertisements—those which have failed to attract—and we think it would fill a long-felt want.

Point of View

CONVERSATION overheard by a friend of ours on a Piccadilly bus a little time ago. Cheery conductor speaking:

"Where to, Sir?"

"Hyde Park Corner."

"Penny, please. (Confidentially): I see they 'ung another woman this mornin', Sir. That Mrs. What 's-'er-name."

"Er—yes."

"They ought to 'ang the 'ole blinkin' lot. (*Ting!*) Anymofezpleez?"

THE BYSTANDERS.

"I name this island Mrs. Bertha Hopsley-Williamson Land—after my wife"

Listen ...

A NUMBER of people should be very grateful that the world is populated with folk with short memories. A young man was recently married with great éclat who was, only a year or so ago, in very hot water for a particularly reprehensible offence.

•

BY the way, we wondered what was in that little white packet which was handed round by some very smart people the other evening. Surely it was much too small to contain needlework?

•

WE cannot believe that a certain ex-husband is really dying with love for his ex-wife, as she would have us believe. We had always thought her rather a tiresome girl and that he was well rid of her. Anyhow, we have never seen a dying man appear in better health, and they tell us that his golf has improved out of all knowledge.

•

"MY boy is twenty-one, rather nervous, and quite unversed in London life," writes an anxious mother. "I feel that you must be such a kind, helpful woman—very likely a mother yourself—and that you would advise me with regard to him. In order to give him more self-assurance, I am sending him to London to stay with his aunt in Bloomsbury for six weeks, and I would be very grateful if you would put me in touch with some nice, God-fearing girls who would be willing to go with him to thés dansants and other places of innocent amusement. Although Albert (we named him after the good Prince Consort) has an evening suit (short coat, not tails), I am very averse to his keeping late hours, and insist that he is home by ten."

•

ALTHOUGH I am not in a position to make the necessary introductions, I am sure that Miss Hilary Charles, Miss Pat Charles, Miss Mona Simpson, or Miss Peta Davies would all jump at an afternoon with Albert.

•

AND so the "Quinny" Gilbeys have gone to the West Indies. They always were ones for islands, but their present destination would be rather a long way for a deputation.

•

THOSE great friends, Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby, have done more to make our evenings jollier than any people we know. If they are really thinking of reviving Ciro's, for heaven's sake make it a restaurant and not a club! We really can't afford any more subscriptions these days.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 10.

Lady Alington

ASK any man in Clubland or any woman in Mayfair, their views on Mary Alington, always known as "Hula," and they will answer, "A grand woman," and we can pay Lord Shaftesbury's eldest daughter no greater compliment. Striking in appearance, with her long, dark hair, Mary Alington is a woman of many interests. She is keen on hunting and racing; but it is as a swimmer and an exponent of physical culture that she particularly excels. A splendid hostess, when "Hula" does throw a party it *is* a party. She is also interested in a number of charities, and works hard, not only on committees, as her activities take a more tangible form. Although no enmity exists between them, Lord and Lady Alington decided on separate establishments, and they have one daughter.

AFTER all, darling, why should he marry you? At present he is enjoying all the privileges of marriage without suffering any of the disadvantages. Get that latch-key of yours back, and see if that will bring him up to the scratch.

•

THE most amazing woman we know is one whose age we could not even guess at. All we do know is that it must be nearly forty years ago since her mother took her upstairs and told her that that story about the stork was all bunk.

•

ALL her life she has had the chaps crazy about her, but even when we first went to the Empress Rooms with our dancing shoes in a string bag, she was decidedly passée. Now, at a time of life when most women change to "gros point," as the small stitches try their eyes so, she has got a perfectly lovely young man absolutely mad about her.

•

HOW odd it is that women so rarely discover the latent insanity in their husbands-to-be! One would have thought that even the short engagements fashionable these days would have been long enough for you to have seen signs of it. We have lost count, however, of the number of our friends who, after a year or so, have come to us and said: "Darling, it was quite impossible to live with him any longer. It really wasn't safe. I suppose you know he's quite mad."

•

AND so the film star looks like coming up to the scratch, after all. Anyhow, it will be a ticklish job to get out of it now, especially for a man whose world-wide reputation is that he always does the right thing.

•

DARLINGS, we don't want to frighten either of you, but as we passed by your flat the other night we saw his car outside, and we also saw two gentlemen in bowler hats. No doubt they were just admiring the building and thinking what fun it must be to live there, but it seemed such a very cold night to be house-hunting.

Brides To Be

Engagements Recently Announced

● *Left: Peggy Paget, whose marriage to Nigel Gibbes, of Wickenden, Shapthorne, Sussex, will take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on February 28th. She is a daughter of Lord Victor Paget and the Countess of Drogheda.* ● *Below, in circle: the Hon. Lucy Verney-Cave, only daughter of Lord and Lady Braye, of Stanford Park, Rugby, whose engagement is announced to Lucien Falkiner, of the 43rd Light Infantry, second son of the late Sir Leslie Falkiner, Bt., and of Kathleen Lady Falkiner.* ● *Below, left: Mary Chubb, daughter of the late Sir Cecil Chubb, Bart., and Lady Chubb. She is marrying Vivian Bell, a son of Mrs. Lawson Johnston.* ● *Below, right: Daphne Victoria Schröder, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. H. Schröder, of the Rookery, Nantwich, and of Attadale, Strathcarron, whose fiancé is Charles John Frederick Platt, 3rd (King's Own) Hussars, only son of A. J. F. Platt and Mrs. Platt, of Barnby Moor, Newark*

Peter North

Peggy Paget

Pearl Freeman

Claudia Blackburn

Is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Lord Blackburn and Lady Constance Blackburn, who is engaged to the Hon. James Duthac Carnegie, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Southesk, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, on February 26th

Bassano

Above:
The Hon. Lucy Verney-Cave

Left: *Mary Chubb*

Tunbridge

Right: *Daphne Schröder*

Bertram Park

Yevonde

Mrs. Jock Ropner

Left: A new portrait of Mrs. Jock Ropner, wife of Mr. Jock Ropner, of Tunstall Grange, West Hartlepool, and sister-in-law of Col. L. Ropner, M.P. Before her marriage she was Miss Joan Readhead, daughter of Lady Lacon, whose other daughter is the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth. Mrs. Ropner has two small sons

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THOUGHTS of THE season are already with us. The sands are running out in the mentions of "Hunt and County Balls to come"; already has appeared the first list of private dances arranged to take place during the coming season. But the snow-sport season is still very much with us, with Kitzbühel right in the public eye again, owing to the Prince of Wales's visit to the Austrian Tyrol. What a rush there was for rooms in the town when the first rumours of his visit were published! Mrs. Leander MacCormick's spare rooms in their chalet could command any price, but they have no need to seek for the harsh jingle of gold. Mr. MacCormick was over here last week, buying cartridges for next season's chamois-shooting.

As exclusively reported in these columns a few weeks ago, Mr. McCormick has already shot one, and he is quite certain that there are at least three more awaiting his musket's merciful release. Mr. Eugenio Lopez's Berghaus, on the top of the mountain above Kitzbühel, is sure to be the scene of many bright luncheon-parties. Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge now takes her ski-ing not so seriously, and visits the Casino frequently. Mme. Ralli is still there, too. They share the villa Klaudia. Mr. Skeffington-Smyth and his bride usually are seen in a little group which includes Mr. Velasquez, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Frazer, and Mme. Dary. She is better remembered here as Miss Margot Keene. I asked her recently if she was going to get married again. "Gee," she said (she 's American), "don't you know I 'm one of those hard-to-get girls?"

MR. ESMOND HARMSWORTH has now returned to England. He hurt his leg badly when ski-ing, and his son, Vere, was very ill indeed out there. One can foresee a bright débutante-ship in a few years for his daughters Lorna and Esmé, who are already very attractive. Mr. Harmsworth was interviewed by an Austrian journalist, a charming girl, who described him as "This fascinating Prince of Wales of the Press, over two metres high, with the face of a boy of twenty."

THE season of ballet at the Duke of York's Theatre represents a very praiseworthy effort on the part of Marie Rambert (Mrs. Ashley Dukes), who has organised the venture. Do not expect the Russian Ballet—and then you will enjoy yourself. They have a repertoire of twenty-two ballets, and on the first night certainly *Cinderella* went the best, with Pearl Argyle as the principal dancer. In the audience were Lady Birkenhead, Baroness d'Erlanger, Sir Percy and Lady Simmons, and Mr. Francis Toye. The last-named can now be heard frequently "on the air," for he has half-hours of gramophone records on the wireless, and explains them in an instructive, yet friendly, manner.

THERE is an excellent play at the Garrick Theatre, called *Love on the Dole*. Let us hope that it is not too good to last, as is sometimes the case. It got a tremendous reception on the first night, and Wendy Hiller, the Manchester actress who was making her début in London, deserved all the calls which she got. Mr. Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Marks, and Lady Bridget Poulett were in the audience, the last-named showing a welcome un-Mayfair-ly sentiment in her enjoyment of the play.

THOSE who wilt away at the music of Chopin, can do so for an hour and a-half at the Curzon cinema, where the film *Farewell* should certainly have a success. Although it is in French, it is very easy to understand, and even if the acting were not very good—and it is excellent—the music would pull it through. Conchita Supervia was there, fresh from electrifying the Italians in Florence, where she had a big success. Her husband, Mr. Ben Rubinstein, has an equal success in the timber market, I gather. He makes "corners" in virgin forests in Canada.

ONCE again do I break covert in the cause of charity, not because organiser-in-chief Miss Olga Lynn called me "Darling," but because the Olympian Ball, being held at Claridge's on March 5th, is in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. I have already requested

Jaeger

Mrs. Gordon Vereker

Mrs. Gordon Vereker with her boon companion, Rags. She is the wife of Mr. Gordon Vereker, our First Secretary at Stockholm, takes a keen interest in aeronautics, and follows hounds in Warwickshire

• Out on Wednesday

This week the "Bystander" reverts to its former Publishing Day, and will, in future, appear on Wednesday instead of Tuesday

Zeus (Jupiter to some of you) not to frown, but to smile; perhaps he will automatically when he sees the procession of Gods and Goddesses, Muses and Virtues. I am very disappointed not to be given a part. What greater fun than to prance about puckishly as Pan, administering sharp rebukes in the form of kicks for unpunctuality at rehearsals. Of course, I would not do it to Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who is coming from Paris to take the part of "Justice," designed by Oliver Messel. And as for Princess Natalie Paley, she is far too lovely to think of kicking; she is coming all the way from Hollywood to represent "Diana the Huntress." Lady Jersey will be Juno, Lady Caroline Paget the Muse Calliope, and Lady Elizabeth Paget Persephone—a name once pronounced by a well-known actress as Percy Phone. Tilly Losch will be the Muse "Tragedy"—one of her great charms is never to look very hearty or cheerful. And Alanova will be "Vesta" (nothing to do with the matches), surrounded by Vestal Virgins.

LORD BERNERS will be Pluto; this is not the dog in the Mickey Mouse film, but the gentleman who presided over the underworld, of which we hope Lord Berners has no knowledge. Mr. John Sutro threatens to be Vulcan; his fiery nature will be well suited by the part, though I feel he should hand it over to Mr. Brendan Bracken. Sir Victor and Lady Warrender will act as host and hostess, and Dr. Malcolm Sargent will conduct classical music, notably a selection from "Orpheus in the Underworld," for Lord Berners' benefit.

HAVING recently been wandering in Austria and Switzerland, I took on my journey, in what Somerset Maugham describes as The Book Bag, two volumes of Hutchinson's latest publications. One was *Three Englishmen*, by Gilbert Frankau, and I regret to say that it was stolen at my first halt at Zurich. I was just preparing to enjoy the lives of those three "pukka sahibs"—though one fell somewhat by the wayside—and had hardly had a chance to do more than study carefully the wrapper, which must have inspired the thief to action. That picture alone of the polo-playing British officer must have been too much for a Swiss housemaid. The other book remained safely. It is called *Passionate Attainment*, by Barbara Cartland, author of other novels of West-End life, such as *A Virgin in Mayfair*. The author is one of the most popular figures in Mayfair, and her conversation is very much more sophisticated than her writing. If the Swiss housemaid had time to read these extracts I feel sure she would not have left the book in its virginal state. There is a grimness about this telegram, for instance: "Arriving in five days' time—three tigers. André." All visitors to the State of Rajpipla will realise the significance of these words. And the end is in true Cartlandian style, pulsating with emotion: "Gently he carried her into the shelter of her great white bed, and there, with his lips against hers, he murmured: 'At last . . . my wife!'" We should feel eternally thankful for the reassurance afforded by the last two words. The book, which is the author's eleventh, is dedicated to Lady Dunn, who is now in Chile for a holiday. She had been ill and took a nurse with her. But the nurse fell in love with the ship's doctor, and, marrying him, returned in the same ship's homeward voyage.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

THE Warwickshire Wire Ball at Wykham was one of the best parties of this winter. Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, owner and hostess, was looking particularly attractive, and performed her duties to perfection by incessantly rushing round and seeing that everybody was enjoying themselves. Lady Stavordale did well at the gambling tables; Mr. Smith-Bingham was not so successful. Our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wiggin, who never got to the party at all, but who were

Navana

Miss Betty Maudsley

Who is on the committee organising the "Pancake Ball," which is to be held at the Dorchester on March 4th, in aid of the Young Conservatives. She is producing a cabaret with a Society cast

involved in a smash on the way, resulting in her cracking her pelvis, and he getting cut about the face.

Everybody in the world was at the party—the Comtesse de Pret Roose and all. Captain and Mrs. Douglas Forster came over from the Pytchley country, as did Mr. and Mrs. Roland Findlay. Mrs. Richard Agnew was one of many attractive women in the room. The retiring joint-Masters, Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. Philip Dunne, both brought their good-looking wives.

Captain Tommy Graves, who always makes any party go with a swing, was staying in the house, and we saw him again next morning mounted at the meet,

• Getting Married . . .

This New Feature—the "Bystander's" Pictorial Review of current weddings and engagements—will be found on pages B and C, before you come to the Frontispiece. Next-door is

WHAT'S ON

our weekly Going-Out Guide to London's Round of Amusements.

Bassano

Lady Anne Rhys

Wife of the Hon. David Rhys, and only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, who will represent the Queen of Beauty at the British Industries Fair and Pageant to be held at Grosvenor House on February 16

fearing the worst—i.e., that he 'd have to remain in an upright position for days afterwards, as it was his first appearance in the hunting field this year.

Another member of the Wykham house-party that we couldn't help noticing at the dance was Mrs. Tony Belville, and yet another was Mr. Dermot Daly, who enjoys a party as much as most of us, and shows it rather more. The Geoffrey Peases, whom we are more used to seeing on a race-course than in a ball-room, were also to be observed.

IT was a pity it rained for Miss Angela Dudley Ward's wedding, because it spoilt the pageantry, and we didn't get the same view of the sixteen small children, whose ages ranged from four to seven, that we would have got had the sun shone. Lady Rose Fane looked nothing but a mass of frills and a bonnet as she was carried into the church by her father, Lord Westmorland. Other enchanting children were the Beck twins and John Cooper, whose mother, Lady Diana, missed something by being abroad and not seeing him. Florists had obviously come to the conclusion that gardenias would last all right as a bridal head-dress, because the bride wore them.

Practically everybody you could think of was at the wedding. The Duchess of Rutland, with a couple of daughters; Lord Dudley, and the bride's sister, Penelope, who wore black with a red collar. Mrs. Dudley Ward herself naturally looked quite lovely in pale blue with black broadtail fur. We noticed that the bride wore the diamond necklace given her by Sir Joseph and Lady Laycock. Among the guests at the wedding we saw the bridegroom's two sisters, Mrs. Arthur Baillie and Mrs. Greenall, who are both more often seen in the hunting-field than at society weddings.

THAT ever-popular lunching-place, the Ritz, was as full as ever the other day. Mrs. Ralph Stobbart, with a short

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield looking down from the balcony of the Café de Paris on to the floor where dancing was in progress. Mrs. Reggie Sheffield was wearing a pale blue coat

The Duke and Duchess of York were "spotted" by Molly Bishop when they took the two little Princesses to the gala matinée, at the Olympia Circus, organised by Mr. Bertram Mills, in aid of the South London Hospital for Women

sable cape on, was having a "before-lunch" drink with Mrs. Brace. Lady Chichester was having luncheon there with a friend, and so was Captain Jack Fielding. Mrs. Charles Mills was having lunch with Captain Stuart Forster, and Princess Alex Mdivani (ex-Barbara Hutton) was also having a tête-à-tête. She was weighed down by an enormous sable coat, with muff to match, and more diamonds than ever. A couple of bracelets (and no mean ones, either), countless rings, one being a solitaire diamond quite an inch square, and one good-sized brooch in the front of her dark-red dress. She may have had another at the back of her hat, but there certainly wasn't room for it in front, as the space was taken up by a mass of feathers. Two lovely diamond clips gripped her ears.

A family party consisted of Lord Brecknock, two sisters and their respective husbands, Sir Gerard Fuller and Mr. "Jimmie" Clarke.

The "Bystander" regrets to record a confusion of names and photographs in Mirón's article on Belgrave Square in last week's issue. No. 28, Belgrave Square belongs to Lady Cory, who has owned the house for many years. Our picture was of Elizabeth Lady Cory. Our apologies to both ladies.

We also owe an apology to Baron Marochetti, whose historic name we hopelessly misspelt in a caption to a snapshot on page 187. The photographer recorded it as Marchitta, an error which our caption-writer failed to detect.

The Gold-Dust Twins doing their turn at the Café de Paris, which they also presented at the Olympia Circus. This boxing act is one of the funniest performances ever seen in the boxing, or any other, line

EVERYONE in Kitzbühel is getting wildly excited at the very thought of having the Prince of Wales out there. The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme and her younger son arrived a little while ago, and Captain Alan Dower and his wife have been there, too. Mr. and Mrs. Clive Loehnis are others we've seen falling about in the snow. They expected the Graham Ogdens to join them, and now, with the news of the Prince's arrival, every room in every hotel is booked, so it's doubtful if they will fetch up there at all. Miss Marjorie Glasgow has been spotted, too. Talking of her reminds us that she should soon be marrying Lord Cochrane. Their engagement was announced way back in the summer.

ANOTHER bit of "Alpine news" is that Captain Woolf Barnato has added himself to the hundreds already in St. Moritz, and is trying his luck ski-ing. Lord Hindlip, who is also there, narrowly escaped death when taking part in a bob-run the other day. He apparently owes his life to the man who made crash-helmets compulsory for that form of sport.

MRS. PEEPS

Mrs. Norah Stewart-Browne seen lunching at Claridge's, in a very becoming Robin Hood cap, and a black Persian lamb coat

Sisters

No. 2. The Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness, the Hon. Denise and the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller

THE Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness is the eldest of the four Yarde-Bullers, Lord Churston's sisters, and married Mr. Loel Guinness in 1927. He has been M.P. for Bath since 1931. The Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller (left, above) came out last year, when she was eighteen; the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller, who is a year younger, is coming out this year. The fourth and youngest, Primrose, who is seventeen this year, has also been rumoured as a possible 1935 débutante. Like their mother, Mrs. Theodore Wessel, who is a regular concert-goer, all the sisters are very musical; they sing and play, and also act well; in fact, have all the gifts to match their fair good looks

Photographs by Peter North

(1) In the Palace sun-parlour. Miss Peggie Johnson, whose father owns some useful racehorses, with Mrs. Neilson (seen centre), and Mrs. Nick Prinsep, in emerald jersey and cap. Miss Johnson, who is a blonde, is a Le Touquet regular but a new face to St. Moritz

(2) Mrs. "Brownie" Hollway, who daily took equestrian exercise on the frozen lake, accompanied by Mr. Archie Chisholm and Sir Alfred Beit until the latter had the misfortune to break his leg while ski-ing. Her husband is Mr. "Ken" Hollway, and before her marriage she was Miss "Brownie" Bridgman

(7) Miss Eve Grey, the American girl of Scandinavian origin, basking in the Swiss sun before helping in the next edition of the Monte Carlo Follies, which is due at the Sporting Club in the middle of February

The Magnet of the Mountains

St. Moritz Society Snapped in Switzerland

(8) Mr. Richard Philpott, the Cresta rider and jazz pianist, with his fiancée, Miss Dodo Watts, whose latest film, "Wedding Eve," will shortly be released

(9) Miss Hilda Knight, another of the Monte Carlo Follies, who is enjoying the sun and snow of Switzerland. Her hair is a natural auburn, and she has an alabaster skin

(3) Two invalids at St. Moritz. They are Lord Hindlip with Mr. Ralph Harbord. They were lucky to get off with a grazed leg and forehead and a broken shoulder respectively, after a "bob" crash the previous day

(4) Mrs. Sybil Pim, who evidently finds the mountain air suiting her, admires the distant view before setting out for exercise

(5) Reading her morning paper in the sun. Mrs. John Musker, the lovely young wife of Mr. John Musker and the daughter of Captain Loeffler and the late Mrs. Loeffler

(6) Captain the Hon. Jack Freeman-Mitford calling to enquire after a fellow Crestarider, Ralph Harbord, after his accident

(10) Luncheon at Corviglia. Lady Fitzherbert, Mrs. Maurice Hecksher, and Mr. Jack Rutherford. Mrs. Hecksher is a sister-in-law of Lady Esher

11. Mr. Charles Campbell Emmott, M.P., and Miss Muckelt, a former British Lady skating champion and a remarkably graceful skater. Mr. Emmott takes two things, at least, seriously—skating and politics. He is a cousin of the Duke of Argyll

Flight - - - The Man and the Machine

Left: Capt. J. B. Powell's Relation (E. C. Brown up), Mr. C. Piggott's Faint Prospect (G. Owen up), and Mr. R. Petre's Plaster of Paris (Owner up), taking the water-jump in the Royston Handicap Steeplechase at Newbury

A Racing Reverie

What a Neophite Ought to Know

By "Regular"

Below: Mr. A. B. Briscoe, trainer of the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Golden Miller, last year's winner, already a five-to-one favourite for the Grand National

Bassano

Mr. A. B. Briscoe

"THE fault I have to find with your articles is: that you are too technical; you seem to forget that by no means all your readers spend their lives on a race-course, and quite a lot you say is meaningless jargon to many of us. Would you, therefore, be very kind, and one of these days devote your valuable space to explaining to us non-racing people a few facts which might be useful to us on the rare occasions we do take it into our heads to partake of a day's racing."

IN response to my fair correspondent's wishes I am to-day taking you on a voyage of discovery round our park courses, in the hope that I can make racing a little easier and more understandable for the many readers of this paper who are in no sense of the word Regulars. I can picture my regular readers hurriedly turning to "Listen," realising that Uncle Regular has nothing of interest for them to-day. "Who doesn't know that Kempton is the most comfortable race-course? and that that elderly gentleman is Major Weyland, and that you can't get into Sandown unless you are a member"? And yet, dear Regulars, strange as it may seem to us, there are, as my correspondent very rightly says, a great number of people who do not know these things.

IF your best chap rings up and asks you to go racing, be sure and ask him if he 's a member; if he says no, find out whether he can become one for the day. Any man, provided he hasn't been thrown out of more than three clubs, can become a member, for the day, of almost any course bar Sandown. It will probably cost him at least £3—for the two of you, but that 's his funeral.

ON no account let him get away with saying: it 's better fun in Tattersall's. He 'll be telling you next that the Popular is better fun than the Embassy. As I have said before, Kempton is easily the most comfortable park course, and in courses where there is a grill as well as a luncheon room, always choose the grill; and if by any chance your boy friend "socks" you a bottle of champagne, be sure and choose Bollinger.

THIS has, so far, been a very open winter, but, warm as it has been, it always seems like the North Pole by 3.30 at Hurst Park or elsewhere. Therefore, for Heaven's sake, put on all the warm clothes you possess. No one is a more cracking bore than a woman without enough clothes—on a race-course.

I SUPPOSE you 'll want to bet, and I strongly advise you to open an account for yourself, as no man will ever speak to you again, much less take you racing, if you 've made his life a Hell on earth with your five bobs each way at 13-8 on.

MRS. VERNET, Tommy Graves, Scott Fry, or Tote Investors cultivate for ridiculous people like you, and they keep several clerks to work out your bets. The fact that you only go racing very occasionally is no bar to your opening an account, and at Christmas they 'll send you a lovely calendar just as if you were a Regular, which will look extremely smart in your drawing-room, and cause people even more ignorant than yourselves to think you know a lot about racing.

IN most members' enclosures you will find a brazier, which warms you far more effectively than the cherry brandy, makes you feel far less ill when you get home, and is also cheaper for your boy friend. Remember, though, to keep on the side from which the wind is blowing. An eyeful of coke makes even the best-looking of you look very plain.

SIMILARLY, when you are taken to the paddock, always remember to keep away from the business end of the horses. Contrary to your expectations, the business end of a horse is the back end, and that is where the kicks come from.

You can come to very little harm if you remain somewhere near his head. Few horses bite much, and the worst that can happen is that he might splutter you with saliva. This, however, only serves to give you rather a horsey appearance, and might even encourage some of the Regulars to speak to you.

IF you go to Newbury, insist on going by train; the G.W.R. covers the sixty miles in exactly an hour, while if your boy friend tries to beat it in his Bentley, you probably won't get there at all. All other courses, and especially Hurst Park, should be visited by car.

AND now for a word or two on how to back winners. As good a way as any other is to buy as many papers as you can reasonably carry, and see what the leading racing-journalists have to say about it. I am well aware that they will not all agree, and that you must take your choice. By reading the papers, however, you are getting the studied opinion of experts who are racing continuously, which is surely better than taking a tip from the cook who has a friend whose husband used to live at Newmarket, or from dear old Colonel Blank, who has done in his boats backing losers.

WHILE, as for that seedy individual who has just opened your car door, exclaiming "Five winners yesterday, and five again to-day just as good, and two of them will be ten to one"; well, would he be opening doors if it was as easy as all that? By all means give him a bob, but don't take his tip.

• ROUNDABOUT

A Variety of Pictures

Right: At a Kitzbühel cocktail-party, given by Mrs. Rudderforth. Also in the group are to be seen Mr. and Mrs. Skeffington-Smyth (in nurse's dress), Mr. Velasquez (second from right), Mme. Dary, on the floor next to Mrs. Keith Fraser, Mme. Riotteau and Mr. Keith Fraser

Cocktails at Kitzbühel

To Fight the India Bill

General Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Croft entertained the Council of India Defence League at Southwell Gardens, Gloucester Road, S.W., when Viscount FitzAlan presided. He is seen standing between the host and hostess, while on the far left is Lord Lloyd

An East-Riding Engagement

Right: Ralph Mortimer, Northumberland Fusiliers, elder son of Sir Ralph and Lady Mortimer, of Melbourne Hall, Northumberland, and Pamela, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Maxsted, of the Dower House, South Cave, Yorks, whose engagement is announced

A Wiltshire Wedding

Left: Flt.-Lt. Fagan and the Hon. Isabella Arundell, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Arundell, photographed after their wedding in the Chapel of Wardour Castle, Tisbury, Wilts, the home of the bride

Right: Major Payne Galwey trying his topper on Mrs. Alastair King at the meet of the Belvoir at Eastwell

Swaebe

A Christening Group

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby, with Susan and her diminutive brother, Simon Michael, photographed after the infant's christening at the Grosvenor Chapel, W.

Right: Mrs. Boy Wilson (left), Miss Smith Dorrien (centre), and Miss Celia Palmer, who were among the large number of regulars who attended the Newbury Meeting

Notabilities at Newbury

Swaebe

Hospitality at Hampstead

Mr. Alastair MacDonald, son of the Prime Minister, Miss Paddy Naismith, the airwoman who is forming the first women's air-club at Hanworth, and Mr. Paddy Roberts, a South African barrister and composer, with Sir Derwent Hall-Caine, who was the host at this cocktail-party at his Hampstead home

A Trio in Leicestershire

Miss Borwick, Lady Pole-Carew (centre), and Captain Lonsdale at a meet of the Fernie at Great Glenn, near Leicester

Left: Mr. Monk Saunders and his wife, Fay Wray, the film-star, arriving at the Carlton, Haymarket, to witness the première of the film entitled "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

Right: Richard Tauber talking to Mary Losseff at the Vienna Opera Ball, which was revived after many years

The Old Berks at Kilmore

Mrs. McDougal (the Master's wife) and Sir Peter Farquhar, joint-Master with Lord Rosebery, of the Whaddon Chase, at a meet of the Old Berks at Kilmore, near Faringdon

An Engagement

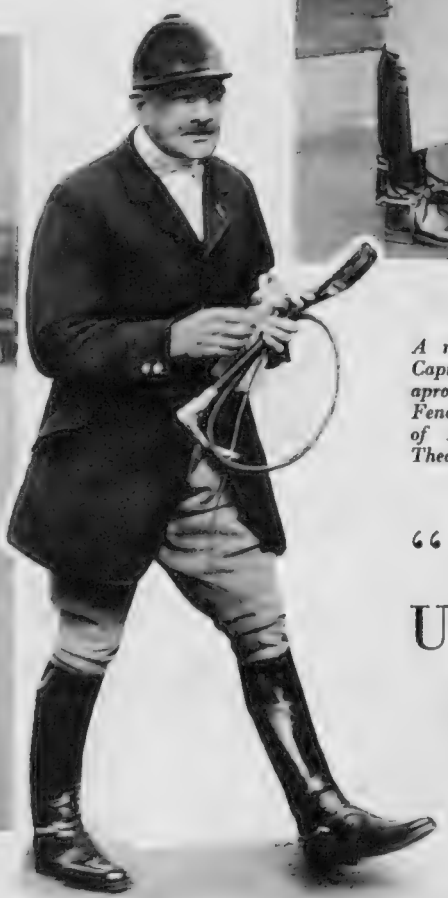
Lady Mary Grey, elder daughter of Earl Grey (riding behind), and Countess Grey of Hawick Hall, Northumberland, at a meet of the Percy Foxhounds at Hawick Hall. Her engagement to the Hon. Evelyn Baring, son of the late Earl and Katherine Countess of Cromer, is announced

Something Novel?

A new hunting fashion is suggested by Captain Fender's blue-and-white check apron. He is seen above, talking to Mrs. Fender and Mrs. Trotter (right) at a meet of Major Smith Bosanquet's Hunt at Theobald's Park Hotel, Waltham Cross

A Meet of the Belvoir

Lord Nunburnholme, Miss Ismay Glyn, and Mr. Robin Wilson at a meet of the Belvoir at Colston Bassett, near Nottingham



Sir Archibald White

"The Hunt is Up, the Morn is Bright"

Left: Sir Archibald White, who has been Master of the West Percy Foxhounds since 1929, is resigning at the end of the present season. He is an ex-captain of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club

John Radnor on "Rugger"

Distinctive Characteristics

Left: J. R. Auty (left), playing for Leicester against Richmond at the request of the England Selectors, passing out to his wing after a scrummage. B. C. Gadney can also be seen in the picture, backing up

Below: C. E. M. Wiggins (Old Millhillians) and D. W. P. Milbank (Wasps) converse during the interval in the match between these two clubs, which was won by the Wasps by 5 points to nil

Under the Eyes of the England Selectors

OPINIONS differ—and thank heaven for that!—as to whether too much attention is not devoted to representative Rugby, and too little to the clubs, many of whom have an unending battle for existence, let alone recognition. I, for one, should not care to argue against the clubs, to whom I offer a sincere, respectful homage; and, happily, a way out is presented by the time-honoured judicial method of speaking highly of one side without decrying and inflaming the other.

Now, the best thing about representative Rugby is not its profit, but the distinctive character of its teams, who, by the way, have to be teams and not mere galaxies of stars, in order to win. Watch an English fifteen, for example, walk on to the field and get warmed to their work, and ask yourself if there is not something essentially English about their whole appearance and style of play. Their very variety, to hazard a paradox of sorts, is typical of modern England. The same applies to all the other countries; the Dominions quite as much as those at home. There is no need to mention poor, outcast France at the moment, but I do so with the lachrimose technique of the Carpenter.

ENGLAND and Wales, in this season's Championship, already have shown their hand and a trick or two. Ireland, with fourteen cards exposed, and one important one held up their sleeve for a while, are playing Dummy, or should it be Solo?—I do hope real card players will be charitable. And, by the time you read this, Scotland will have played their first hand at Cardiff. No one seems to think a great deal of the Irish fifteen, apart from a full-back, D. D. P. Morris, of whom any side might be proud, and those three magnificent forwards, J. Russell, J. A. Siggins, and the younger Beamish, as C. E. St. J. of that ilk always will be remembered, out of deference to a famous brother. But, if I know my Ireland, this bodes ill for somebody—not all, perhaps, but some misguided country on the very peak of optimism. Well, if so, so much the better.

THE fighting Services, as perhaps I should call them, for the Police and the Civil Service at full strength are quite capable of extending their better-known half-brethren, also are beginning to show their hands before engaging in the Triangular Tournament at Twickenham. The Navy were subjected to a proper test at Blackheath, where two of the Rugby Union's ever-roaming Selectors may well have been as interested in the form shown by J. S. W. Walsham at stand-off half, as in J. A. Tallent in the same position for "The Club," and, of course, those back-row forwards, Bailey and Cridlan, about whom opinions seem to vary from day to day. Kemp, the middle man, I may remark, has found a more reliable favour.

One gathers that, although the Navy pack, led by the mountainous but still active J. W. Forrest, had the better of the hooking and heeling—Wales may yet regret that they passed over Schoolmaster Tarr—the Blackheath backs made a much better use of their limited chances than the better served Navy men did of theirs.

This was a score for Tallent, as well as for his partner, V. A. Cox, who had been lent by the Old Cranleighans. It also won more praise for a centre who looks as if he will make a name for himself before long. This was J. G. W. Davies, the Cambridge cricket Blue, an attractive, if not too consistent batsman, who has had to suffer the indignity of being handed down to posterity as a species of joke—"the man who bowled Bradman." Well, perhaps, it's not such an indignity after all!

Mention of V. A. Cox provides an excuse for a compliment to the Old Boy club concerned, who, if not in so many words, have been accused of the vile crime of interloping and of sapping the life's-blood of first-class Rugby by keeping promising players in (alleged) second-class surroundings. Here is another fine argument for the argumentative, and again I propose to slip a soft word on the horn of a dilemma—for both parties are partly right. (Loud cheers and boos.) However, the fortunate fact remains that the "O.C.s" who seem to specialise in half-backs, and especially scrummage workers, have not acted the part of a dog in the manger, but freely offered Cox his chance at the Rectory Field, on an afternoon when he was not wanted elsewhere. Is it too much to suggest that it is by good feeling of this kind that many of the thorny problems of modern Rugby can be solved?

THE ARMY, who are not finding it easy to build up a side comparable with those of recent years, found a Police team full of clever Welshmen just too much for them at Newport; but the experience should have been invaluable. It is bad luck, though, to have lost the services of Lieut. Cowey, who was injured in the international game at Twickenham. Unwin, still an English

Rival Captains

possible, and Novis, still a great player on his day, not forgetting Dean the Harlequin, are the chief hopes of the Army behind the scrummage. The Army, however, like England, have a stand-off half problem.

The Air Force, an almost miserably poor side when playing the Civil Service, showed what they really could do if put to it by defeating Leicester soon afterwards at Leicester. And Leicester, casting a mid-week nightmare on one side, spent part of a chilly week-end on the Richmond Athletic Ground, well beating a strong Richmond team—not, to be sure, with the Irishmen Reid and Turner at half-back, but Cranmer and Crabtree at centre. The form is odd, but cheery at least for the Air Force who have a lot to contend with in raising a squadron to sink the Navy and scatter the Army at Twickenham.

Is there time and room to tell a story—also not without cheer? Rich, lordly, overpoweringly judicial Englishman watching Boughton blight Wales's hopes on January 19th: "I must say that, personally, I saw nothing wrong." Red-bereted, explosive and overpoweringly knowledgeable Welshman, alongside: "Nothing wrong, you say, and the whole Welsh pack offside. And me a Welshman saying it, look you!" Such is sport and unconscious humour.

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Great Men and Little Men: By A. G. Macdonell

Mr. William Saroyan is the author of *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*). He is, it appears, an Armenian of twenty-six years of age, who has lived most of his young life on a vineyard in California, or in San Francisco, and who has been writing unsuccessfully for ten years. Now, after all those years of poverty and struggle, he has begun to write successfully. *The Daring Young Man* is a collection of short stories and sketches, and they certainly are very remarkable. Indeed, it is a long time since I was so impressed by a writer's style and method of attack. Not all Mr. Saroyan's stories will be up everybody's street. Some of them, frankly, I found rather artificial; rather writing for writing's sake. Words, words, words, without any meaning, meaning, meaning. But even in these I was impressed by the way in which the words are strung together. In the other stories, the ones in which he has really got a story to tell, Mr. Saroyan is very fine indeed. There is a strange, subtle, and at the same time movingly simple story about a man who could not bring himself to kill a snake; and another, *The Man with the French Postcards*, which I would unhesitatingly put into an anthology of the best modern short-stories. In six and a-half pages it tells a complete tale of a human tragedy, redeemed by a flash of human nobility. O. Henry might have done it in that short space, and perhaps Mr. Thornton Wilder; but there are very few others that I know of. Galsworthy would have made about three novels out of it. Mr. Saroyan has one enormous advantage over our modern British line in novelists, who seem to be either Public School boys, and therefore uneducated, or else young ladies who live in Mayfair, and that advantage is his already immense experience of the way in which the poor live. You cannot starve for ten years in the neighbourhood of San Francisco without learning something, and Mr. Saroyan's story, *Seventy Thousand Assyrians*, gives us, I hope, some indication of how he proposes to use that learning. It may well be that a second O. Henry has arrived at long last. It is an exciting prospect.

"Here's another returned manuscript—that makes three this week!"

Messrs. Cassell have published, for the comparatively modest sum of 8*s.* 6*d.* (comparatively, that is to say, with the three half-crowns that are so often demanded for a thin little novel about alleged life in the mews at the back of Grosvenor Square), a book called *Great Contemporaries*. It consists of thirty-seven essays on some of the great men of to-day, each written by a different author. It is certainly an astonishingly good run for your money. Indeed, it is practically a history of our times done in biography; and, furthermore, a great deal of its value lies in its catholicity. It is no mere catalogue of politicians, financiers, and soldiers. Among the thirty-seven are Einstein, Chaliapin, Havelock Ellis, Picasso, Sibelius, Toscanini, and Lord Rutherford, and it is perhaps significant of our hard, modern civilisation that of all the arts, only Poetry is ignored. There is no chapter in praise of Yeats. The list of contributors, also, is quite important. Mr. George Slocombe on Gandhi, Mr. Alan Thomas (known to Bystander readers) on Lord Cecil, Sir Arthur Keith on Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Francis Toye on Toscanini, and Mr. Arnold Toynbee on Mustapha Kemal, are among them. I have read—sensational admission for a reviewer—the whole thirty-seven, and I "place," in the horse-racing, or book-making, sense, the following: winner, Captain Liddell Hart's *Lawrence of Arabia*; second, Mr. Francis Stuart's *President de Valera*; third, Mr. Ernest K. Lindley's *Franklin D. Roosevelt*. A neck separated first and second, and a nose second and third. Also ran, way down the course—thirty-seventh, in fact—Mr. G. Ward Price's *Adolf Hitler*. Incidentally, what a strange law of ascent governs the military record of Dictators. Just as aristocratic emigrés throughout the ages have gradually gone up the ladder of nobility in exact proportion to the length of their exile, so modern Dictators, as they increase in power, turn out to have served longer and longer, and with greater and greater distinction during the World War. Herr Hitler, who a few years ago could find no record of his military service, now blossoms out as a four-years' hero with wounds and crosses.

The English are, without any doubt whatever, the most good-humoured, and tolerant folk in the world. I, who have smiled a quiet smile at them ever and anon, have more reason than most men to know it. Their attitude towards the Scots is friendly and genial. But if ever a book was written that is likely to destroy that friendliness and geniality, and to make Englishmen rightly furious, it is *The Scot in England*, by Mr. John Herries McCulloch (Hurst and Blackett; 9*s.* 6*d.*). I never saw so perfect an example of a fine case ruined. There is a very fine case to be made out that the Scots have contributed a good deal more than their share, compared with their numbers, to the British Imperial realm. And I do not think that any Englishman would deny it. But Mr. McCulloch so grossly overstates the case, and buttresses himself with so many grotesque misstatements and inaccuracies, that even I, a perfervid Highlander, find myself apologising. He talks a lot about James I., but discreetly does not mention the other Stuart Kings; in his chapter on the "Real Builders of England," his only reference to Sir Christopher Wren is that a Scotsman suggested the inscription on St. Paul's; in his military chapter he says: "Not until England began to get the benefit of Scotland's military and naval genius, and Scotland's ferocity, did she blossom out as a real fighting nation." Heavens alive! has the man never heard of Flodden? And how many Scotsmen fought at Agincourt, and Poitiers, and Crecy, and Hastings, and Ashdown? As for Mr. McCulloch's description of Sir John Moore's retreat (in what he rather charmingly calls the Peninsular) from Marshal Soult (whom he always calls Sault) it is a fairy-story pure and simple. Moore's "classic example" of handling an army was simply an undignified and headlong bolt for life. On the same level of fiction is the description of Waterloo. Actually, the Duke of Wellington was not an Irishman, the great cavalry charge was delivered by the Life Guards, and the Household Cavalry, and Hougomont was defended by the Guards. Again, his Indian Mutiny stuff is pure rubbish from end to end. But it is impossible to catalogue all Mr. McCulloch's exaggerations and misstatements. We Scots are a sufficiently boastful and arrogant race already, but there are not many of us who do not have in our hearts a vast admiration for the English. We may laugh ostentatiously at them, but when it comes to a street brawl, there are none of us who would not feel happier with an Englishman at our side. Mr. McCulloch's book is badly written and thoroughly mischievous.

A fortnight ago I reviewed a detective-story by Mr. Ashton. An ingenious printer transformed the author's name into Agleton. I would like to apologise for my bad writing, and at the same time applaud the printer's creative genius. After all, Agleton is a pretty good one.

Mr. Justice Avory

Experientia Docet

Old Hands at Different Games

Above: Mr. Justice Avory, aged eighty-four, who has recently celebrated the diamond jubilee of his association with the law. Though his name and fame are generally associated with criminal trials—does he not bear the nickname of "'Orrible 'Orace" among certain habitual offenders?—yet, as a Judge of the King's Bench Division, he has also made his mark, and of him it may be said that advancing years have not blunted the keenness of his intellect on or off the bench

Fritz Kreisler

Right: Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, whose sixtieth birthday it is to-day (Wednesday), acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd at the Albert Hall. An Austrian by birth, he won the Gold Medal and first prize when a pupil under Hellmesberger at the Vienna Conservatoire, while he also won the first prize and Prix de Rome in Paris. Since he first started to play he has charmed the multitude, and age cannot change nor custom stale the hold he has upon the public

Left: Miss Pamela Kingsmill and her mother, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, in Grosvenor Square. The reception was held at Lady Cunard's house

Below: Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson and Lady Dufferin and Ava are here seen walking receptionwards

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, the bride's elder and as lovely sister, is with their mother, the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, whose father was the late Colonel C. W. Birkin

Lady Patricia Ward

Lady Lettice Cotterell is with her husband, Mr. Richard Cotterell, who is in the bridegroom's regiment, the Royal Horse Guards, and Mrs. Philip Dunne

Echoes of a Big January Wedding

Some of Capt. Robert Laycock and Miss Angela Dudley Ward's Innumerable Friends

The Hon. Patricia Berry, Lady Pamela Smith, the Hon. Sheila Berry, Lady Juliet Duff and Lady Birkenhead were five more of the guests at this very big St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Grosvenor Square wedding

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Among the new season's collections, linen plays an important part. It is used for both day and evening dresses; also for accessories in the way of bags and shoes. The ensemble pictured is carried out in oatmeal wool linen, and may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. The coat is semi-fitting, and three-quarter length, with a becoming ocelot collar, while the dress has short sleeves and wide revers embroidered with brown silk spots

Angora Meets Taffeta

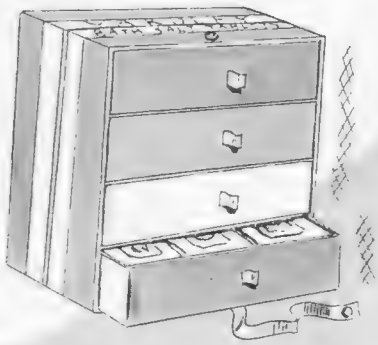
Accessories this spring are of even greater importance than usual. Hats, scarves, and gloves either match or harmonise. Pictured above is a waistcoat for wearing with a coat. It is of black taffeta, and has a frill on one side which is gathered to form soft folds. Silver kid is introduced on the corsage, and also trims the taffeta hat, which is finely stitched

This charming béret and waistcoat may be seen at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge. In brown and beige angora, they have been designed especially for the country. The scarf waistcoat is worn under the coat and ties in a bow at the neck, while the béret is made of the same material, and is very youthful

There is something gay and springlike about the hat and scarf pictured on the right. The pull-on hat is in soft navy blue taffeta, embroidered with red and white spots, while the scarf is in red and blue taffeta embroidered with white spots. This set would look ultra-smart with a navy blue coat and skirt, accompanied by red gauntlet gloves and bag

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of Novelties

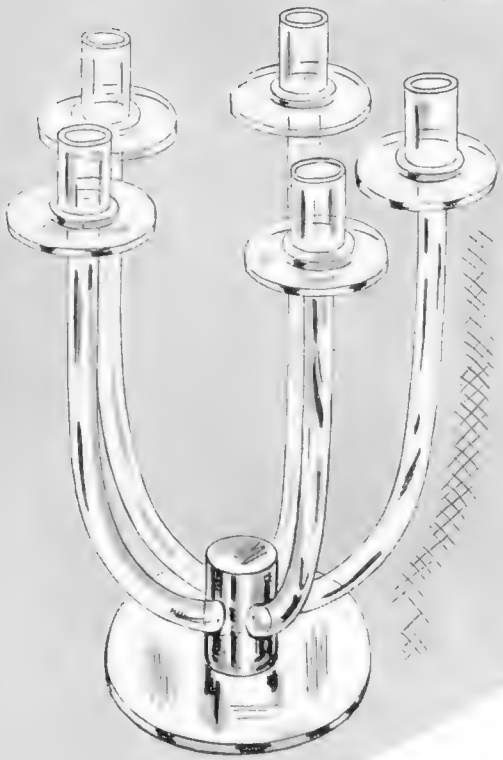
Discovered by Peta.
Pictured by Pam.



Every bathroom should contain one of these attractive chests of drawers filled with Yardley's bath cubes. There are four different perfumes, and the cost is only 5s.

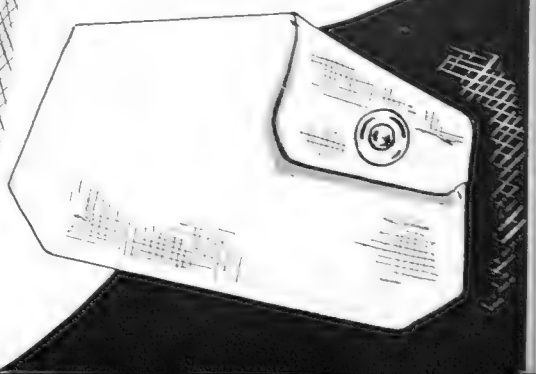
Something new and original in the shape of a Floating Bath Bowl, which bears the name of Yardley. This is filled with Lavender soap, and is accompanied by a whisk, which is used for covering the body with a soapy lather

Some new ideas in stockings are to be found at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. There is the shadow affair for day-time wear. This is dark at the back and light in front, and has a decidedly slimming effect. Then, for evening, there are two versions of the lace stocking. One is lace all over, and is made of the finest silk, while the other is hand-made and has a Chantilly lace panel down the centre of the leg



This beautiful five-branched candelabra may be seen at Asprey's, New Bond Street. It is of glass, and is noticeable for its colour, which is an unusual shade of green

These three bags are all made of Old Bleach Spiralspun Linen. The one at the top is in an elusive shade of blue, while the one below is of Spiralspun tweed, spun from the flax grown on the King's estate at Sandringham



Golf Clubs at Home

Canterbury

(1) Captain H. S. Greenwood (secretary) and P. T. S. Brook (captain). (2) Colonel McCormick (vice-president and one of the founders), J. C. Child and Major E. A. Robinson. (3) L. V. Hubble (vice-president and past captain), C. C. Williamson (vice-president and past captain), and F. S. Martin (vice-president and ex-captain). (4) J. B. Thompson (committee-man), L. Giles and the Rev. A. S. Mayne (ex-committee-man). (5) Brig.-Gen. R. McDouall, Colonel W. H. Trevor and Dr. C. E. Murphy (vice-president and past captain). (6) F. C. Large, D. H. George, and F. J. Harlow. (7) A. Clifford Matthews and Don F. Andrews. (8) H. D. Wright (steward) and G. A. Gower (professional)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Golf Handicaps

J. S. Rowell (Royal Mid-Surrey), R. S. Mays-Smith (Royal Mid-Surrey), H. C. Neilson (Cambridge captain), and P. B. Lucas (Cambridge) in a match played on the Mid-Surrey links at Richmond

Cambridge Draw with Mid-Surrey

T. F. B. Law (Cambridge), S. I. Fripp (Royal Mid-Surrey), C. M. Bell (Cambridge), C. F. Woodbridge (Royal Mid-Surrey), and Major J. Collis-Brown (secretary of the Royal Mid-Surrey Club)

I AM often asked by golfers who are accustomed to receiving strokes, why, in singles, they only receive three-quarters of the differences of handicaps, and, in foursomes, three-eighths. My own explanation is that players are handicapped for medal play, when the long-handicap players can reasonably be expected to have one or two, or possibly more, very bad holes. There is quite a large percentage of golfers who think that, even if the full difference of strokes was received, the shorter handicap player would still very often win. What happens, in fact, on a great many occasions, is that, when a long-handicap player opposes a scratch player, the long-handicap player is over-awed and does not produce his usual golf. If he did so, he would undoubtedly win very many more matches than he does at present; the fact that he is playing against a scratch player seems to make him press and strain the whole way round the course instead of playing his natural game. We find the same thing happening amongst the better players. In the Amateur Championship very often two unknown players, Mr. A. and Mr. B., playing each other, produce magnificent golf, and Mr. A., having completed the course in approximately 71 shots, wins by one hole. In the afternoon Mr. A., in the next round plays one of the famous players, say Tolley, Harris, or Wethered, etc., and gets beaten 6 and 5. If Mr. A. had played the same golf as he played in the morning he would, instead of being beaten by 6 and 5, have won by about the same margin. Well as Miss Wethered has played in the Worplesdon Foursomes, I do not think her victories in this competition would be quite so numerous if the ladies opposed to her did not, on many occasions, entirely fail to play their ordinary game.

The fact of the matter is that, in the game of golf, as in many other games, players play as well as their opponents permit them to.

IT is very difficult to discover what is the best method of arriving at the correct handicaps for golfers, especially as most men appear to desire high handicaps, and most women low handicaps. I think the reason for this is that the ordinary club member does not play very much competitive golf, and usually, in his friendly matches, plays for at least a ball, and is more anxious to win his half-crowns than to possess a low handicap.

THERE are numerous cases of golfers although practically unbeatable on their home course, seldom win a match elsewhere. The correct handicapping of a player of this type is nearly impossible. The L.G.U. method of handicapping, which is entirely on scores returned in medal play, appears to work very satisfactorily, but it must be remembered that ladies have more opportunity of returning scores than men, a great many of whom only play on Saturdays and Sundays, when the courses are crowded, and that ladies also, as I have said before, for some unknown reason, are anxious to have as low a handicap as possible. There surely must be some flaw in the L.G.U. method of handicapping, as a lady (handicap plus 3) was not selected to play in the International team against the United States last year. The method used by the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews, in my opinion, is the best in operation at the present time. There is a large handicapping committee, and when a new member joins, his handicap at the clubs to which he belongs is known, and one of the handicap committee, often unknown to the player, either plays with him or watches him play, and then decides his handicap. As a rule, a player at the Royal and Ancient Club receives a stroke more than at other Clubs; but, of course, there are exceptions, and then the Royal and Ancient Committee decides that the player in question has too much handicap, and consequently reduces it. The method of handicapping from a fixed score, either bogey, scratch, par, or what you will, in my opinion, will never work satisfactorily for both match and medal play. To arrive at uniformity of handicap, which was the very worthy aim of the E.G.U. a few years ago, it is necessary to handicap from a player, and not from a standard scratch or other score. For men's golf I think it is quite feasible to handicap from a player. All that is necessary is to discover the best player of the year, and then find on what handicap the best players of the various districts would play with him. The players in the various districts would be handicapped from the best player of their district, who might either play level with the best player of the year, or receive shots from him.

The ridiculous golf-ball with which the game is played at present makes the work of handicap committees even more difficult than it was formerly. When a half-topped shot travels over 200 yards down the fairway, and when the long players occasionally hit the ball over 400 yards, the question of handicapping is extremely trying. At St. Andrews, in 1933, Craig Wood lost the Open Championship by driving into the bunker in the hill short of the green at the fifth hole, a distance of approximately 400 yards.

THOSE who find pleasure in watching golf will be pleased to hear that two of the great triumvirate of lady golfers have entered for the Open Foursomes Competition at Sunningdale on March 28th and following days. I do not know whether it will be possible to persuade the third, Miss Cecil Leitch, to enter also. It is very seldom nowadays, that an opportunity is afforded of seeing Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Enid Wilson participate in competitive golf, and if the luck of the draw enables these two famous ladies to play shot for shot against one or more of the leading professionals, there is no question that it will be a most interesting and instructive sight.

IT is rather interesting that, only two days after I wrote my last article on "Team Selection"—in which I tried to point out some of the difficulties of selection committees—in the trial golf match at Oxford the "Rest" defeated the "Blues." It appears that Pennick, the Oxford captain, will find the selection of his team no easier than many of his predecessors have done.

It was pleasing to see that Cambridge University showed considerably improved form in its first match of the term against St. George's Hill, which resulted in a tie. It was unfortunate, however, that the St. George's Hill team was not at full strength, owing to some of their players preferring to watch the International Match at Twickenham.

Rugby Clubs at Home: Nuneaton

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

J. G. Farndon

A. D. Salkeld, vice-captain

Tom Arundel, fly-half

Tom Cleaver

G. M. B. Helps

L. H. Cleaver, captain

Joe Eales, full-back

"Taffy," the trainer

Keith Oakey

H. W. F. Clay, match sec.

President, Alderman E. F. Melly, J.P., played for Rugby School 60 years ago

A. E. Marriott, chairman

Harry Cleaver, hon. sec. for over 25 years

E. W. Marshall, hon. treasurer

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of Perfection
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NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
MEDIUM
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 20 FOR 11½D 50 FOR 2/5
N.C.C.232

Left: Miss Amelia Earhart at Oakland Airport after her solo flight from Honolulu to California. The flight was made against the wishes of the authorities and caused much comment in the United States

Below: a contrast in vehicles at Brooklands. There is a museum of a kind in a shed bordering the Track, where old vehicles, dating back to the tricycle of 1865, are stored

New Air Lines in Europe

By Charles Ward

Personalities in the Air

MR. FILSON YOUNG, better known on the air than in the air, is flying solo again at Heston in preparation for his "A" Licence tests. In March he will continue his broadcast talks on "Growing Wings," dealing with the final stages in the aeronautical progress of Mr. or Mrs. "Can," before the coveted licence is obtained. Mr. Whitney Straight and his brother made a good flight to South Africa and back by Dragon, having hired same from Brian Lewis, Ltd. Flying-time on the outward trip from Heston to East London was 82¾ hours, an average of about 100 miles an hour. The object of the journey was to compete in the South African Grand Prix—Mr. Whitney Straight won and his brother finished third. Brooklands Flying Club, always worth a reconnaissance, especially during dull weather when other centres may be weighed down by the depression, wears a decided air of stage and screen nowadays. Amateur theatricals are in full rehearsal, much assisted by the direction of Mr. Clifford Mollison. The Brooklands Sale-room has broken all previous records since Christmas—three Leopards, one Dragon, one Klemm, one Miles "Falcon," and also four Moths from the Bargain Basement were disposed of in four weeks. Mr. Tony Downing, of London Film Productions, has been doing a lot of flying on his Leopard.

Spring Services

PLANS for new services in the Spring are well under way. Imperial Airways will extend its line — Brussels and Cologne, at present flown in conjunction with Sabena, the Belgian national company, to Prague, Vienna and Budapest. Air liners of the "Diana" class, as used on the extension to Australia, will operate this service, which is to be flown in daylight so that English visitors especially may enjoy the night life for which these three cities are so famous. K.L.M., Lufthansa and Ala Littoria, the Italian combine, promise a service from London via Holland, Germany and Switzerland to Milan, and Lufthansa will operate a service from London to Norway. Farther afield, Imperial Airways is exploring the route from Singapore to Hong Kong, the most likely line being through Sarawak, British North Borneo and the Philippines. At home, the possibilities are almost unlimited. Every town with any pretence to an aerodrome should have its air connection to some other centre. An East Coast route to Scotland is proposed by Aberdeen Airways; a ferry service from Southampton to the Isle of Wight; a line to Dublin, to mention a few which are certainties.

Company News

AVIATION is becoming big business, and as such has attracted the attention of the finance groups which assist trade generally. A few weeks ago the Aviation and General Insurance Company was formed, with a capital of £500,000, backed by some of the leaders, including the Prudential. Mr. L. Murray Stewart, who has acted for an Anglo-American group in New York for some years, will be the underwriter for the new company. Whitehall Securities has bought a third interest in Channel Islands Airways, the successor to Jersey Airways, the company that has pioneered the route so successfully. The promoter and operator of the old company, Mr. W. L. Thurgood, also has a third interest, and the other partner is the Great Western and Southern Railway combined. With a capital of £150,000 and a new fleet of four-engined de H air-liners, the Channel Islands should be well served this year. Airspeed, of Portsmouth, has secured additional capital to the tune of £130,000 in order to finance future business with the Fokker patents in England and the Empire, and to manufacture the Douglas, the popular American machine which gained second place in the MacRobertson Trophy race. Mr. Fokker becomes adviser to the Airspeed Company for a period of years, its direction as regards general design and production remaining in the capable hands of Messrs. Norway and Tiltman. Sir Alan Cobham takes an active part in the management of the Company, and Lord Grimthorpe is its Chairman. De Havillands have had a busy year, complicated by the move from Stag Lane to Hatfield, the design and production of the "Comet" in record time, and the necessity to create new machinery for the manufacture of the Hamilton Controllable Pitch Propellor. There are more orders in hand than at the end of any previous year, no less than a quarter of a million sterling being tied up in stock and work in progress. An increase of capital will be announced shortly.

At Random

THAT Mr. "Jim" Mollison has stratospherics, which he will endeavour to cure by a visit to America, where high-flying aircraft are a speciality.

General Aircraft are building a twelve-seater Monospar to cruise at 208 miles an hour. Orders at £8000 apiece have already been received from Oceanic Airways of Australia, of which company the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes is chairman.

The race for the King's Cup will be flown over a course embracing England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, which seems very fair. It will take place on Friday and Saturday, September 6th and 7th. In adition to the Cup presented by His Majesty, Lord Wakefield has given £1000 to be divided into prizes.

· SPORTFOLIO

The Earl of Essex

The Earl of Essex, seen above, is the Master of the South Pembrokeshire Hounds. This photograph was taken at the "After-the-Hunt Ball" meet at Cresswell Quay

Right: Norman W. D. Yardley (St. Peter's, York, and St. John's), a Cambridge Freshman who has already been awarded his Squash Rackets Blue, and is in the running for a hockey cap. He captained his school at Rugger and cricket, and scored two centuries at Lord's last summer

Cambridge Hockey Players

Hunt Meets at Famous School

The Tiverton Foxhounds met at Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon, and the picture above shows Sir John Amory, Mr. V. Gort, Headmaster of Blundell's, and Mr. Derrick Amory, the Master

Left: J. S. D. Whitaker (Leys and Trinity), captain Cambridge Univ. hockey team, and David Layton (Gresham and Trinity), secretary. Whitaker is a forward and Layton a right-half-back. The match against Oxford is on February 16th

Below: Mr. R. Eckersley; Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary; M. Bingham, the pro.; and Earl de la Warr, playing a week-end round on the Cooden Golf Course, following Lord de la Warr's mayoral banquet at the Cooden Bay Hotel

"Laying a Stone"

Sir Percy Bates, chairman of the Cunard Company, who was responsible for the launching of the giant "Queen Mary," lays a curling stone at Wengen

Sir John Simon at Golf

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

Racing in Stormy Weather

The field in the Weyhill Handicap Hurdle Race taking the first flight at Newbury. The winner was Gay Light (No. 3), owned by Mrs. Crossman. The odds were 10 to 1 against

ONLY a day or so ago I heard news of a coloured boxer, who, according to the American critics, is destined to be a world-beater. Now, so far as I can gather, this fighter—Joe Louis by name—has had only some ten fights, and these against opponents without any real claims to be considered near the top-class.

Yet why, already, is his name creeping into the cables which reach us from the States? The fact is, this negro fighter has the personality without which no man can succeed in the ring. All your great champions are the stuff of legend—was it not Dempsey who used to make a long detour on his way home from school to avoid a bully?—and Louis is in the tradition.

I am told, for instance, that he meant to take violin lessons, but that his five-dollar fee went on a course of boxing instruction. And, too, he is reported as always to be seen reading the Bible in his dressing-room before his fights. So there it is; Louis, as yet an obscure performer in the pugilist world, is already getting into the news; with just the right number of quick victories in the next month or two—and all the rich prizes of the ring are within his grasp.

I have cited the case of this American coloured fighter with a purpose: I want to compare him with Jack Pettifer, the tall London heavy-weight whose ring career has been so strangely disappointing. Within six months, Joe Louis has leapt into the head-lines and is known to the faithful fight followers; but Pettifer has battled his way along for quite a while over here, yet with it all gets precious little attention. And this at a time when our heavy-weight stock, generally, is very mediocre.

Truth is, the boxing public are lukewarm to Pettifer's personality. He began all wrong. His first manager (now dead) thought it would be good to make him into a "giant," so the boxer was made to sit on an absurdly high stool when in his corner between rounds. Yet Pettifer is no gland freak; he is above normal, perhaps, but there is nothing gigantic about him. Still, the public were led to believe that he was another Carnera, and they expected big things of him. He failed—and the great mass of sport followers have no use for failures.

RECENTLY, however, Pettifer came under a new manager. He was trained very thoroughly by the man who prepared Len Harvey for his bouts, and he went into the ring to knock out a Belgian heavy-weight who had convincingly beaten him a month or so before. Here was the real Pettifer! Or so they said. Yet only last week he went into

Oxford v. Edinburgh

G. A. Strasser

Above: G. A. Strasser, captain of the Cambridge "Soccer" team for 1935–6. He is the only undergraduate who has played for Corinth in a cup-tie

Left: G. R. Rees-Jones, the Oxford Welsh International, getting away in the drawn match against Edinburgh University

G. F. Goodman

The new chairman of the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association. He represents Warwickshire

Myrtle Maclagan

Who scored a century at cricket against the Australian women. She also bowled successfully

G. P. Hughes

Above: G. P. Hughes, England's tennis captain in Australia, in action against R. Menzel, of Czechoslovakia in the Championships at Kooyong. Menzel won

Right: Lord Douglas Hamilton, Captain O.U.B.C., at the punching bag. The far photograph shows J. R. Payne, the secretary, and Sir de Villiers Graaf being coached by "Billy" Cook

The Inter-'Varsity Boxing Championships

the Crystal Palace ring to be knocked out in four rounds by Jack London, a useful enough fellow, but one with no very great pretensions.

The crowd booed Pettifer. For three rounds he tried to box his man. But the man who pays his money to see heavy-weights in action does not want boxing; he goes to see death-or-glory fighting, in the main—the science and the craft can be left to the little fellows. It would seem, therefore, that Pettifer must start all over again, but this time as a fighter, for it is only by trading punches and cutting out the frills that he can hope to come anywhere near the top.

WHILE I was at the Crystal Palace watching Pettifer toppling to defeat, I met one of our foremost "Soccer" managers. And at once our talk turned on the recent appointment as manager of the Tottenham Hotspur reserve side, of Walter Hardinge, who played both football and cricket for England.

This new move by the Tottenham officials is a sign of the times. Hardinge gets the job of looking after the reserves so that Mr. Percy Smith, the London Club's manager, can devote his time solely to the League team. Mr. Smith takes his job very seriously, and I happen to know that he has definite views on the swing of "Soccer" in these stressful days. He believes that success for his side lies in the shrewdness of a touch-line tactician: in other words, Mr. Smith thinks that by watching the way play is going he can spot weaknesses in the play of his club's opponents. And then, at half-time, he will hold a brief conference with his players, telling them their line of attack (or defence) in the second half.

Is this "remote control"—this chess-board football—good for the game? Personally, I think it is of no real value. There were some great teams in the old days before tear-away tactics came into vogue, but they were always captained *on the field*. In my view, a seasoned player can better sense the tempo of a match and seize on the weaknesses of opponents than any club manager sitting in the grand stand. As it is, football is going "tactics mad" these days, and the sooner some clubs get back to good, honest play the better for the game.

AND now to Rugby. Straightway, I must say how glad I am to see H. G. Owen-Smith, England's full-back last season, is now fit enough to return to the game. Last November Owen-Smith turned out for Major Stanley's XV. against Oxford University, but had a recurrence of an old knee injury. I was told by some pessimistic folks that he would not be seen in Rugby again; while even the more optimistic "Rugger" men said that he would be out of the game for the season.

However, Owen-Smith has made a remarkable recovery. He turned out for St. Mary's Hospital against Northampton a Saturday or two ago, while he was in the team for the Hospital Cup game against Middlesex Hospital. I do not think, however, that there is any possibility of his being seen in England's colours, for, apart from the fact that Broughton seems to have solved the full-back problem, Owen-Smith is far too busy a man these days to devote much time to the game.

(*Continued on page* iv)

"BYSTANDER" £500 Golf Trophy
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March 23rd and 24th, 1935
Full particulars concerning Conditions, Entries, Travelling and Hotel arrangements will be found on this week's back cover

Cars with a Personality

The New Alvis "Firebird"

By
The Earl of Cardigan

RATED at 13.2 h.p., the new "Firebird" is a car which should be heartily welcomed by all Alvis enthusiasts. It has just the combination of virtues which is popular to-day, and on which the reputation of the Alvis Company was originally founded. In other words, it offers the motorist a genuinely sporting performance, while at the same time giving thoroughly practical, roomy, and comfortable accommodation.

The engine, a four-cylinder overhead-valve unit, itself exemplifies this common sense policy. Its sheer efficiency is undeniable; yet it contrives also to be silent, smooth, and very flexible. Without apparent effort, it will "rev." at speeds in excess of 4000 r.p.m. The maximum road-speed in top gear is around 75 m.p.h., with 55 m.p.h. available in third, and 40 m.p.h. in the very useful second gear. In traffic, on the other hand, one can dawdle along without any sign of "snatch" or pinking.

As for the gear-box, this provides the driver with a brand-new experience. We all know how effective is the synchromesh system of gear-engagement, whereby quick, silent changes can be made with assurance and ease. The Alvis engineers have now applied this system to all four of the gear ratios, instead of merely to third and top gears, as is the common practice with many of their rivals. The result is, that every possible gear-change can be made with equal facility—a logical, but none the less admirable, step forward.

The new Alvis "Firebird" is a very graceful and well-proportioned car. Its 13.2 h.p. engine gives a fine all-round performance, although perfectly docile in traffic. This view shows the balanced and workmanlike frontal lay-out. The general "lines" suggest stability, and rightly so

Right: the controls are well-placed, and the gear-lever, in particular, can be handled with confidence. All four gear-ratios have synchro-mesh engagement

Good springing is another of the "Firebird's" virtues. The car rides very steadily at medium and high speeds, and it "sits down" on the road in a way calculated to give confidence even to the timid driver. Moreover, it is remarkably comfortable at the low speeds also, and is free from the jarring over "rippled" surfaces to which some cars of semi-sporting type are liable.

THE steering is excellent, and the brakes, if applied firmly, do their work well. It would be an advantage, I think, if the foot-brake was a little lighter in its action. It has plenty of stopping power—in fact, it can pull the car up with remarkable efficiency—but, in its present form, it demands a fairly heavy and decisive pressure on the pedal.

The coachwork is interesting as an example of clever planning. That the front seats are thoroughly comfortable is obvious at a glance; but at first sight the back-seat accommodation seems somewhat restricted. Actually, this idea is fallacious; for, thanks to deep foot-wells and correct seating angles, one may sit at the back just as happily as in front. Sufficient space remains for a useful rear luggage locker. At £510, this Alvis is not a cheap car; but it is an undeniably attractive one.

The back seat gives just sufficient head-room, and is generous in the matter of leg-room. Deep foot-wells are responsible for this latter virtue

There is a pocket in the very roomy luggage-boot for tools, and plenty of space for suitcases. Several small articles can be accommodated with the panel closed

Seedsmen by Appointment

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Women's Golf:

Chiefly Concerning Caddies: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

ONE of the things that always strikes me, every time I watch a championship, or a big meeting, and thereafter listen to the explanation of "Why I lost," by the loser, is her attitude to her caddie. Perhaps I ought to say "some losers." There are some sporting and sensible souls; in fact, a goodly proportion of them, who are far too just to blame anybody except themselves for their failures. But it really is astonishing how the other type will lay every mistake they have made at the door of their poor, devoted caddie. I use the word "devoted" with intention. I do really think that the way the majority of caddies attach themselves to the players for whom they are carrying is quite remarkable—their keenness, their cheerfulness under depressing conditions of cold and damp, and being kept waiting about because their employer is too busy getting dry herself, or having a drink, to consider that the caddie is waiting to give over the clubs and get his tip. (Incidentally, the caddie has probably small hope of a hot bath when he does get home; and dry clothes to change into are no certainty; and to sit in the cold is really cruel.)

HOWEVER, this was not meant to be an impassioned appeal for better conditions for caddies; what I have really started out to discuss is the absurd attitude of so many players in blaming their caddies when things go wrong. Or, perhaps it would go nearer the root of the matter if one said their absurd attitude in trusting the judgment of their caddies so much, instead of relying on their own. I do not say for one instant that there are not a number of caddies up and down the country whose instinct for the right club, the right line, and the right shot, is almost uncanny; who know the subtle wiles of a sloping green in a cross wind better than most players; and whose judgment is worth two or three shots a round to a player capable of acting on it. Miss Dorothy Pearson had such a monitor at Westward Ho! when she won the English Championship there. But any player of experience ought to be quickly capable of discovering whether the caddie allotted to her at a championship is one of these valuable individuals or not. One of the things county matches quickly teach you, is to know instantly when you can trust your caddie, and when not; because you are constantly coming up against fresh types of them, and cannot hope to go on winning matches unless you develop the faculty of knowing when to trust and when not.

By the end of a championship, at all events—if you have gone through several rounds—you should know precisely how much reliance to place on your caddie, or in what way his judgment is likely to be at fault. Yet how often do you hear a beaten semi-finalist say: "Of course, I lost that match at the 16th. My caddie gave me a number three for the shot on to the green, and I know I ought to have taken a two. He 's persistently under-clubbed me there all the week." What an indictment, not of the caddie, but of herself, if the player did but think! She has known that the caddy under-clubs her, and yet she takes his advice over the club at the critical moment of the match. Could anything be much more idiotic?

I SUPPOSE it is human nature to be glad of a scapegoat, to welcome any opportunity to shift blame on to other shoulders. But, really, isn't it ridiculous? The caddie may have seen this particular player hit, say, four hundred shots during her practice and participation in the championship, of which more than two hundred will have been with a putter, and not twenty with any other one club, excepting, perhaps, the driver. The number of times he has watched her hit, say, a 2 or 3 iron, under precisely the same conditions of wind as the fatal shot which has cost the player defeat, may be taken at most as half a dozen; and even then there is the conflicting factor of whether the player is going to hit one of her normal shots or whether the vital importance of the occasion may make the shot less, or more perfect, than usual. The marvel to me is, not that the caddy is sometimes wrong, but more that he is ever right. Try caddying yourself for a friend, even one whose game you know pretty intimately, and you will soon see how difficult it is to give her the right club.

We should all undoubtedly be better golfers if we had more self-reliance in the matter. I am not suggesting that we should reject the advice of a caddy who has proved himself sound; and, if it must be done, let us certainly take care not to do it in such a way as to put his back up. But it does only seem sense to remember how very many rounds and shots we have seen ourselves play, and how comparatively few he has seen us play; that we have, as a rule, had a better education, which ought to give us more balanced judgment in weighing up contrary factors, and that it is we who are going to play the shot. After all, even in these days of grooved swings and matched sets, the striker alone knows just how hard she means to hit the blooming ball.

Yours ever,
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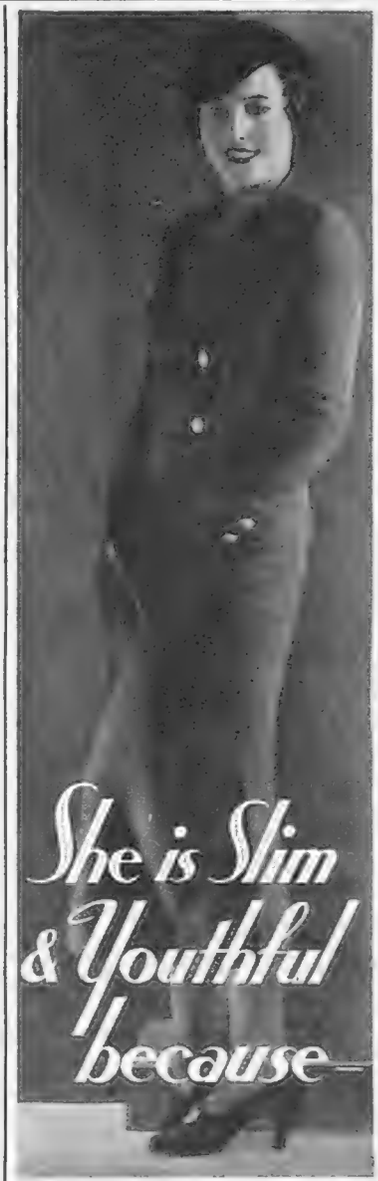

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What's On

(Continued from page A)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

LA TRAVIATA (Verdi): To-night, 8.30.

THE MAGIC FLUTE: February 7th, 8.

FAUST: February 8th, 8.

BALLET.—COPPELIA, GISELLE. Act II.: February 9th, 2.30.

LA TRAVIATA: February 9th, 8.

BALLET-FÊTE POLONAISE, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, THE JAR, LES RENDEZVOUS: February 12th, 8.30.

A SEASON OF BALLET.—Presented by Marie Rambert, with Pearl Argyle, Tatiana Semenova, Kyra Nijinsky, Frederick Ashton, William Chappell, Walter Gore: Duke of York's, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carl Hyson's Follies of 1935; Louis Simmonds's band, and Java and his Tzigane orchestra: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and the grill; Ronald Frankau appears at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Gold-Dust Twins do a boxing act; Jack Harris and his band play: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays; special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—Midnight Follies, Spring Edition of 1935, is a short revue, with new turns from New York; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Monte Carlo Follies are here; the turns include Gomez and Winona, and the Arnaut Brothers: extension, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension night, Wednesday.

VILLA RODET.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guitter's band: extension night, Tuesday.

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 263)*

THERE still seems to be many spots of unpleasantness in games. "Incidents" seem to be fashionable in cricket now that "body-line" bogeys are always popping their heads out of the pavilion. As you must know, Arthur Richardson, the old Australian Test player, remonstrated with the England and West Indies captains on the bowling of Smith, of Middlesex, and Constantine, the West Indian all-rounder. Richardson, as umpire in the second Test, took exception to the "bumpers" sent down by the two speed-specialists, and they were both taken off at certain periods of the match.

Quite a bother was made in some of our sensational newspapers about it all. Once again "body-line" was the word bandied about. Yet, if I know my Constantine, there was no question of such tactics. The West Indian is very emphatic in his views on "body-line"; he has shown that, while he occasionally sends down "bumpers"—and what fast bowler has not done so?—he does not bowl to a packed leg-field. They "bounced 'em" in the days of old "W.G.", but it was taken as a legitimate form of attack. To-day, however, the fast bowler is bound hand and foot. Let him get the ball to kick a bit, and at once the shriek of "body-line" goes up from quite a lot of folk. It is, indeed, all very lamentable.

AFTER cricket, lawn tennis. Here I must comment on the statement of Mr. "Bill" O'Brien, the professional lawn-tennis impresario, on the earnings of George Lott and Lester Stoefen in their first week as "money" players. The two Americans netted about £1200 each, which seems a pretty fat sum for exhibition play. But I notice that O'Brien declares that the profits this winter are not up to last year's standards. Then, as he explains, Ellsworth Vines made his début in the money-ranks, and all America wanted to see him in action.

It is fairly safe to say that O'Brien is looking for another gate-drawing personality. His field is limited. Indeed, the only man who can get the cash rolling in, as did Vines, is our own Fred Perry. When Perry visits America I can well imagine that the American promoter will again see him with an imposing-looking contract in his hand. What will Perry do? There's the question.

If the amateur rules are broadened at the next meeting of the International Federation, then I think there is no danger that Perry will turn professional. Still, there is no guarantee that the Federation will take any steps to make it possible for Perry—or any other amateur—to accept film-contracts without automatically becoming a professional. France is opposed to any change; and France is not the only "die-hard."

As it is, I think Perry will wait to see what the Federation decides before taking any drastic step. But supposing the film ban stands? Well, Britain may then lose her leading amateur.

Women's Golf: "Bystander" Foursomes, 1935

April 1—4. Northern Foursomes and N.P.F.A. Competition, at Ganton (Scarborough)
April 12. One Day Spring Medal at St. George's Hill
June 11—14. Scottish Foursomes at Moray (Lossiemouth)
Sept. 11—13. Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges
Oct. 8—11 Autumn Foursomes: Ranelagh and Roehampton

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month. Coupons must be attached to the cards signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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THE next step is to remove all superfluous cream with a tissue, and massage the skin at night with Skin and Tissue Cream, thereby exercising the muscles. This helps to keep the complexion fresh, and smooths away wrinkles. A little cream rubbed lightly round the eyelids is very soothing after a long day.

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THE fashion for brushing the hair off the cheeks and having curls up the back of the head is one which demands pretty ears, and these should not be overlooked when treating the rest of the face. They should be cleansed night and morning with Luxuria, followed by gentle massaging with Almond Honey Cucumber Lotion. This will act as a protection against cold winds, and will prevent them from getting red and shiny. The lotion should be worked in with an upward movement, using the thumb and forefinger. In the evening, the lobes of the ears should be slightly made up with liquid rouge.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Elizabeth Barrett, Scott Sunderland as Browning, Wilfred Lawson as Mr. Barrett, in this revival: Piccadilly, 8.15.

BETWEEN US TWO.—Leonora Corbett as an airwoman, Jack Melford as her journalist husband. Oriel Ross and Mabel Terry-Lewis: Criterion, 8.30. Tues. and Sat., 2.30.

THE CONVICT.—Dickens's *Great Expectations* dramatised. Sir John Martin-Harvey as Magwitch, Hubert Greg as Pip. Thea Holme and Jean Cadell: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play from the Embassy, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the argumentative young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play is on again, the cast including Louise Hampton, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Aubrey Dexter, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—Cathleen Nesbitt, Reginald Tate, Arthur Chesney in North Country setting adapted from Walter Greenwood's novel, Powerful Gloom: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—A romantic, swashbuckling play about the eighteenth-century woman pirate (Flora Robson): Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon; excellent humour, and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OTHELLO.—Abraham Sofaer as Othello, Maurice Evans as Iago, Vivienne Bennett as Desdemona, Mary Newcombe as Emilia: Old Vic, 8 (except Tuesday). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Robert Douglas in Laurence Olivier's part; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

THE BING BOYS ARE HERE.—George Robey and Violet Loraine in their original parts, with Rebla as the other Bing Boy; new jokes and songs and all the old favourites Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Puritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs; Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen, and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MOTLEY.—Another mystery play in which the members of the audience play their parts: Kingsway, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Most successful of crook plays which has run for over two years: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—The play its audiences almost know by heart: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—More and more and faster and faster dancing; Valaida and the 1934 stars are there, plus Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, 6.30 and 9.

CINDERELLA.—June as Cinderella, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, and the Three Sailors are some of the pantomime cast: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

DICK WHITTINGTON.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Elsie Prince, and Audrey Ackland are the stars: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 55.—Third anniversary as a non-stop theatre last Monday. Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, Edna Thompson, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn, Billy Humphrey: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

THE DICTATOR.—Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll are the stars in this serious film: Tivoli.

ENTER, MADAME.—A film dealing with the operatic stage, featuring Elissa Landi, Cary Grant, and Sharon Lynne: Plaza.

FAREWELL.—The Chopin film with Jean Servais as the composer; Lucienne le March as George Sand: Curzon.

FORGOTTEN MEN.—The film of actual war pictures: Rialto.

KID MILLIONS.—Eddie Cantor's latest; a million Cantorish complications in time and space: London Pavilion.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS.—A new triangular drama for Joan Crawford, with Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery as co-stars: Empire.

LADY IN DANGER.—Tom Walls and Yvonne Arnaud in another of Ben Travers's absurdities: New Gallery.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—Gary Cooper in the filmed version of Yeats Brown's book, with Franchot Tone, Sir Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke as a temptress: Carlton.

MASKERADE.—Willy Forst's (Unfinished Symphony) film of 1905, with Paula Wessely, who acts superbly: Academy.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM.—Wallace Beery makes a perfect Barnum; Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, and Rochelle Hudson are in the cast: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.—From Dickens's novel, featuring Ben Webster and Elaine Benson: Regal.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; cape and sword drama: Leicester Square Theatre.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy in a comedy of horse-racing: Capitol.

SPORT

RUGBY FOOTBALL: England v. Ireland at Twickenham, February 9th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL ART: Burlington House.

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW: Agricultural Hall, February 6th-7th.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Adrian Boult conducts; the programme includes Elgar, Holst, Beethoven's Piano Concerto in G (Walter Gieseking) and Brahms's Second Symphony: Queen's Hall, February 6th, 8.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O.; Wührer is the soloist: Queen's Hall, February 10th, 3.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Georg Széll conducts the L.P.O. in a Suite by Suk, Busoni's Violin Concerto (Joseph Szigeti) and Brahms's First Symphony: Queen's Hall, February 11th and 12th, 8.15.

Recitals

GERHARD HÜSCH.—Kilpinen song recital: Wigmore Hall, February 6th. 8.30.

ALMA MOODIE and EDUARD ERDMANN.—Violin and piano recital: Wigmore Hall, February 7th, 8.30.

ELSE RYKENS.—First of three Lieder recitals: Wigmore Hall, February 8th, 8.15.

ORLOFF.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, February 9th, 3.

ISO ELINSON.—Second of four Bach recitals: Wigmore Hall, February 12th. 8.15.

(*Continued on page* iii)

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GETTING MARRIED: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Daphne Peel

Is the only daughter of Mr. John Graham Peel, J.P., D.L., and Mrs. Peel, of Peover Hall, Over Peover, Cheshire. She is to marry Mr. Edward Trevor Yarker Barkley, only son of Capt. and Mrs. R. E. Barkley, of Westholme, British Columbia

Rosemary Stedall

Is engaged to Derek Hugo, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr, of Satwell House, near Henley-on-Thames. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Pemberton Stedall, of 77, Cadogan Square, S.W.1. The marriage will take place in April

Victor Birks

Doreen Scase

Miss Doreen Scase is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Scase, of Tadworth, whose marriage to Mr. Victor Massey Birks, son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Birks, of Montreal, takes place early in March

Rosette Duveen

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Duveen, of Orchard Court, Portman Square, W.1, a niece of Lord Duveen, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Walter Lewis Warren, B.A. (Oxon), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Warren, of Hankow

Priscilla Chilver

Is the daughter of the late Arthur Farquhar Chilver, of 49, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and of Mrs. Chilver, of 28, Sussex Gardens, W.2; her engagement is announced to Brian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Davidson, of Baidland, Seaford

JANUARY WEDDINGS . . .

Lomer—Stafford-King-Harman

Robert Lomer leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after his marriage to Lettice Stafford-King-Harman, whose father, the late Captain Edward Stafford-King-Harman, was in the Guards. Some of the men who served under him formed a guard of honour

Hanbury—Watts

Left: Felicity Watts, second daughter of Col. Humphrey Watts, of Haslington Hall, Cheshire, and of Mrs. Simon Orde, of Chesham Place, toasting her husband, J. C. M. Hanbury, only son of the late John M. Hanbury and Mrs. Hanbury, of Hylands, Chelmsford, and Loch Rosque, Achnasheen, after her marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Right: Hugo Anson and Lisbette Campbell, daughter of Commander Harold Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, photographed leaving St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, after their wedding

Anson—Campbell

JANUARY WEDDINGS—Continued

Grace Cunningham

Only daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Cunningham, of Madras, who is marrying, this month, Captain Rollo Scott-Wright, Royal Deccan Horse, A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor of Madras, and son of the late Rev. James Johnstone Wright and Mrs. Wright, of Stanley Crescent, London

Whyte—Ware

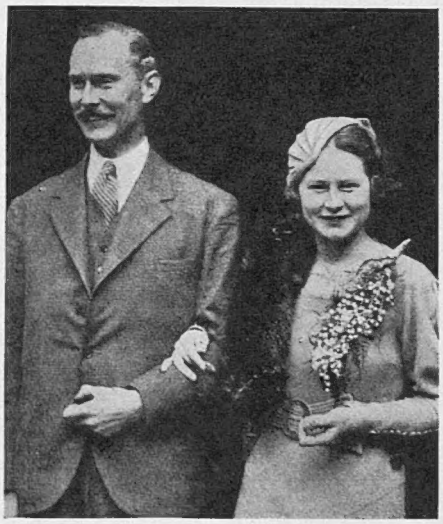
Lewis Gilmour Whyte, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Whyte, of Helensburgh, and his bride, Ursula Frances, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ware, of 36, Evelyn Gdns., leaving St. Peter's, Cranley Gdns.

Ellis—Duveen

Harry C. Ellis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ellis, and Miss Ann Duveen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duveen, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Lloyd—Atha

Noel Lloyd, third son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lloyd, of Pipewell Hall, Kettering, leaving Chelsea Old Church with his bride, Faith Atha, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Atha



Viner—Webber

Captain George A. Viner, R.A.O.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Viner, of Heathfield Towers, and his bride, Joyce Webber, daughter of the late Commander C. F. Webber, and of Mrs. Webber, of Cosham

Fairbrother—Dennis

Hugh C. Fairbrother, who is a well-known airman, leaving the Parish Church, West Kirby, after his marriage to Joyce Dennis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Dennis, of West Kirby, Cheshire

Barder—Coronal

Left: Mrs. M. Coronal, the well-known race-horse owner, leaving the Chelsea Registry Office after her marriage to H. C. Barder, who is also an owner with many winners to his credit, and possesses the finest kennels of greyhounds in the South of England

Right: Capt. H. C. Parr, son of Mr. Roger and Lady Julian Parr, of the Weir, Hereford, leaving St. Ethelburgha's Church after his wedding to Margaret Fripp, daughter of the late Sir Alfred Fripp, the Harley Street surgeon

Parr—Fripp

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Court Dressmakers and Tailors since 1791

Models for 1935

Announcement

... of special prices for Dressmaking and Tailoring

for the purpose of keeping the workrooms of the House fully occupied at this season

Until Feb. 23

Tailor-made by Debenhams in herringbone Tweed . . .

The Coat is single-breasted with inset pockets.

The Skirt cut with small inverted pleats.

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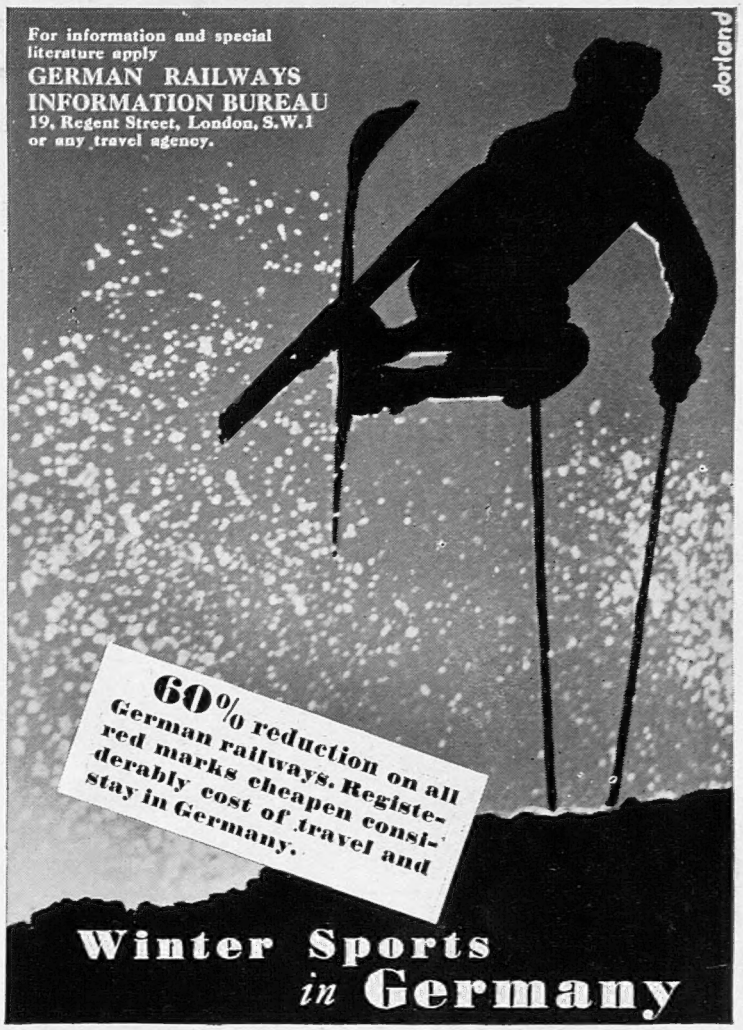
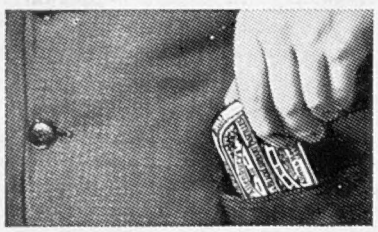


Here's
POCKET PROTECTION



for your THROAT

WHATEVER the weather—fog, sleet, rain or snow—let 'Allenburys' Pastilles protect your throat from irritation and roughness. Deliciously flavoured, they keep the mouth and throat sweet and fresh all day long and all through the winter. Try one of the 8d. tins to-day — they slip easily into pocket or handbag.

Take care of your throat—take

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

From all chemists in 2 oz & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3d.

For

Face and Hands

Just as other parts of the system need their nourishment, so especially does your skin. The more care devoted to the skin; the more frequently the pores are cleared of their waste products, the sooner will the complexion revert to its natural youth and freshness. A few drops of Larola applied regularly provide just that necessary delicate tonic. Those who make a daily habit of using Larola keep their complexion free of blemish, their skin soft and beautifully smooth. Right throughout the year Larola is a welcome adjunct to the toilet of all ladies. Applied to hands and arms, Larola removes redness, roughness and chaps, enabling one to counteract the effect of wind, rain and bad weather.

LAROLA FACE POWDER in Pink, White Cream, and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, 2/6.
LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes, with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 each.
LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-. Single Tablets, 8d.

1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

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MATTHEW GLOAG & SON,
Perth, Scotland.
Established in the year 1800.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Third Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 23rd and 24th, 1935

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

1934: M. R. Gardner *(winner)* and Viscount Mandeville *(runner-up)*

1933: J. L. N. Pollock *(runner-up)* and L. B. Sanderson *(winner)*

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy.
Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone).

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street—and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Newmarket and Norwich—at the inclusive price of £4 2 0.

This includes first-class return railway journey • dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday • full board at the Felix Hotel on Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the Clubhouse • breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning • Green fees • free use of Hard Tennis and Squash Courts • free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

• Conditions

Play will be for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes. Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 23rd. When cards have been returned, the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players. The best four returns from the top half of the draw and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy Eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap, the first round being played on Saturday afternoon, and the Semi-finals and Final on the Sunday. The remaining Eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy Eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes: if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide, and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor, however badly he plays, must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in competitive golf on the Sunday.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be addressed to The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There will be no entry form, but entrants should enclose a handicap certificate. Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

The "Bystander" reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason for so doing.